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"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

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The Independent.

MY DAYS.

A veiled priestess, in a holy place,
Day passeth on her threshold, beckoning;
As infants to the mother's bosom spring
At sound of mother's voice, although her face
Be hid, I leap with sudden joy. No trace
Of fear I feel; I take her hand and fling
Her arm around my neck, and walk and cling
Close to her side. She chooses road and pace;
I feast along the way on her shewbread;
I help an hour or two on her great task;
Beyond this bourn'n, no wage I ask.
Then, ere I know, sweet night slips in her stead,
And, while he sunset fires I rest and bask,
Warm to her faithful breast she folds my head.

H. H.

EDINBURGH.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

At this summer season Edinburgh sleeps under a very thin covering of shadows. There is no night there. At ten o'clock P. M. I walked up on Calton Hill, and saw the city by *day-light*. And the evening and the morning were the same day. The American is perplexed as to what time he ought to retire, and at four o'clock in the morning springs out of bed, feeling that he has been overslept, till he looks at his watch. The day and the night are here blunderers—the one a blonde, the other a brunette. At this season, when tourists are most busy, the curtain does not fall on Edinburgh.

The city has been compressed into small compass, so that it might be under the defense of the guns of the Castle. A house in this stolen high is not an unusual thing. There are no "magnificent distances." It is but two minutes' walk from the Netherbow to the Canongate. It is only ten minutes' ride from Holyrood to the Castle. In one short saunter you go from examining the Scottish crown in the "Jewel-son" on the Hill, down to the museum, in which you see the stool that Jenny Geddes threw at the head of the bishop.

The city has a superb belt of what the Scotch have chosen to call "H spitals." They are not places where fractures are splintered, or physical diseases assaulted; but are educational institutions. Considering ignorance a horrible sickness—the raising away of a marasmus, the benumbing of a palsy, the sloughing off of a gangrene—public charity has erected these "Hospitals" for the cure of intellectual palsy.

A printer of the city gave one million fifty thousand dollars for the building and maintenance of one of these institutions, where two hundred and twenty poor children are taught. The structure is vast and imposing; battlemented and towered, and embosomed in foliage and flowers—sought in the arms of beauty, without losing charm of any of its locks.

The John Watson's Hospital, the Orphan Hospital, the Gillespie Hospital, the Merchant Maiden Hospital, the George Heriot Hospital—the surplusage of bequests not yet employed, and seemingly not needed for structures of the same character—show how much the people hate darkness and love light. God gave to Edinburgh, as to Solomon, the choice of riches, honor, or wisdom. She chose wisdom; and the riches and the honor have been thrown in to boot. While the antiquarian stands reviving the grotesque gargoyles which frown and mow and run out the tongue from the venerable roofs and arches of the city, I see more to admire in the chubby faces of the rosy-red children.

But, while Edinburgh is preparing for a grand future, she is not willing that her past shall fall back into the shadows. With a tight grip of fingers in bronze and stone she holds on to the men of the past. She has for the last thirty years been building monuments, and she will keep on building them. As she denied the request of the Queen that Dr. Simpson be buried in Westminster Abbey, Edinburgh will not now put on the limits the sculptors who perpetuate him. Walter Scott rises, hobbling along the Grassmarket, made not so much impression on this city as to-day, looking down on Princess street, from under a canopy of stone one hundred and ninety feet high, the dog Bevis at his feet; while breaking out in sculpture on the sides are the "Last Minstrel," and "Lady of the Lake," and Meg Merrilies, the queen of witches, with her long skinny arms seeming to marshal all the apparitions of ghostdom.

Here dwelt Alexander Smith, destroyed by his own mental activity, the fire of his genius consuming not only the sacrifice on the altar; and Hugh Miller, who with his stone chisel cut his way into the mysteries of the earth and the heart of stones; and Playfair, and Dugald Stewart, and Henry Mackenzie, and Doctor Chalmers, and Thomas de Quincey. Here Christopher North put on his "sporting-jacket" out of the pockets of which he pulled for many of us Windermere and the Highlands; his swarthy figure in bronze now standing in the east Gardens, his head looking like the toss of a lion's mane, his eye wild as a stormy night on the ocean, his apparel as sloven as his morals. But these men were of the past. The race of giants has been reaped. Edinburgh has but two or three men of world-wide fame remaining. Doctor John Brown, the author of "Rab and his Friends," may still be found on Rutledge street; but he has buried his royal pen, and has no more "Spare Hours" for the reading public, now that he gives his entire time to his medical profession. If the dogs, whose greatest champion he is, knew that he had abandoned their cause, they would set up a universal howl, and the spirit of "Rab" would come forth to haunt him, wagging before him that immortal stump of a tail. Though the Doctor has sent his dogs scampering through every American study, and through many a lady's parlor, he has no dog left. His last one, Kent by name, was so much in danger of being contaminated by the more vulgar dogs of the city that he was sent over to Ireland, to be companion and defender to the Doctor's married daughter. A large portrait of "Kent" hangs over the parlor mantel on Rutledge street. You would not wonder that all Doctor Brown's dogs have been so kind and wise and good, if you only knew their master.

It seems that in one case, at least, his plea for unhappy curs has been effectual. Eleven years ago a poor and unknown man was buried in Gray Friars Churchyard. His dog, "Bobby," a Scotch terrier, was one of the mourners. Next day he was found lying on the grave; but, as nothing but bronze or stone dogs are lawful in such places, Bobby was kicked out of the yard. The second morning he was found there, and was still more emphatically warned to give up his melancholy habits. But when the third morning he was found on the grave the old curator had compassion, and ever since the bereft creature has been taken care of. For years he was allowed steaks from an officer of the city. I wish that all the dogs that live on government were as worthy.

We take the train from Edinburgh with a heavy heart. We need a year to study this city of the past and the present—its crescents, and mansions, and squares, and monuments, and palaces; a city which hovers above crags, and dives into ravines, and climbs precipices, and shimmers in the blaze of midsummer noon, and rolls upon the soul a surge of associations that break us down into a heartfelt prayer for the peace and happiness of Scotland.

ONE SAINT LESS.

BY MOSES COIT TYLER.

In the month of May there came over the sea from England an article of news of which no special notice was taken by the public, but which had a very tender significance to many thousands of persons in America and in all other lands reached by it. The statement bore a very commonplace look—simply that the Rev. Oliver Prescott Hiller was dead. Yet that quiet and seemingly unexciting announcement meant to all who could understand it that one of the noblest and sweetest lives of our time had just ceased its visible connection with our sphere, and that this earth had one saint less upon it.

Who was he? What was he?

In the summer of 1863 I met at a friend's house in London a venerable man (evidently a clergyman), of an appearance so refined, gentle, and dignified, with manners at once so subdued, affectionate, and stately, that I was strongly attracted to his acquaintance. To my delight, I found that he was an American, though he had then lived in Great Britain fifteen years; and, though he had none of the aggressive and pronounced style supposed to be characteristic of patriotic Americans abroad, that he was stanch and outspoken in his country's cause, and even in those dark days radiantly and serenely confident of his country's triumph. As he was rather deaf, it was necessary for one who would converse with him to come very near; which, together with his own attitude of inclined and benignant attention, seemed to bridge the gulf of personal strangeness, and to confer, even upon a newcomer, the privilege of an immediate intimacy. I can never forget the feelings of reverence, of comfort, and of gratitude which I carried away from that first interview. As during the following three years I often met him at his house, at mine, and elsewhere, I came to know him well; and the impression grew upon me that he was the most unique man, as well as one of the purest, loftiest, and most gifted, that I had ever encountered.

He was a Boston boy, a graduate of the Latin School and of Harvard College; and I think that his soul, incapable of any petty emotion, was fully conscious of the great felicities and superiorities implied in those three facts. His original name was Oliver Prescott, and William H. Prescott, the historian, was his cousin and schoolmate. For family reasons, he had added his mother's name of Hiller. While still a very young man, he became interested in the writings of Swedenborg and joined the New Church, of which by his preaching and by his numerous books he was destined to become a most distinguished minister. One of his earliest settlements was in Cincinnati, where by the old residents he is still well remembered, and most affectionately remembered by those who personally knew him. About the year 1849, I think, he went to Europe, for what he supposed was to be a brief tour; but that tour was transformed into a residence, and has lasted for the rest of his life. He was joyously welcomed by the congregations of his own faith in the mother country, and was induced to take charge of one of those congregations in Glasgow, where he married, and where he continued to reside for about twelve years. After the death of his wife, he accepted the pastorship of the church in Hatton Garden, London. This, I believe, was in 1861 or 1862.

It is but an example of the sectarian limitations of many great reputations in the world that Mr. Hiller, whom few persons outside of the New Church have ever heard of, is, as I have been often told, of very great distinction within that church. He came of an intellectual and a literary stock, and all his life-time he was planning and producing books. Some of these books were sermons, others poems, others commentaris on the Bible, and at least one of a historical and political character, entitled "A Chapter on Slavery."

He had the appearance of an ample physical life; yet he was so lifted above animalism that all intellectual activity seemed absolutely easy to him. His studies and his efforts in composition were not those of some reluctant intellectual machine, as appears to be the case with many men who struggle and torment themselves into brain-work; and yet Mr. Hiller was the most regular brain-worker that can be imagined. With the utmost simplicity, with a candor so childlike that it kept in abeyance my sense of the ludicrousness of his communication, he explained to me his habits of work. Each day of the week was consecrated to its peculiar occupation; from which arrangement he not only never deviated, but was never tempted to deviate. It was something like this: "Sunday," he said, "of course, is my preaching day. I have no exercises on that day except those which favor my spiritual and physical efficiency for preaching. Then Monday is poetry day. I always write poetry on Monday, and I can never do it on any other day. I always sit down Monday morning and write and polish just ten lines of an epic poem on which I am engaged. Then in the afternoon I read in the British Museum. Tuesday is my letter day. I do all my correspondence that day. Wednesday is my Hebrew day. I read so many verses of the Hebrew Bible, and write commentaries upon them. Thursday is my Greek Testament day. Friday and Saturday are sermon days." It cost him no effort to conform to this routine, which would be so intolerable to the most of us. Indeed, to him it was not routine. His soul had touched the principle of order; and he freely and pleasurably revolved in this never-varying orbit of duty.

His literary ambition was defecated of all selfishness and of every earthy sentiment; and yet he had a high and gentle satisfaction in the extent and, as he believed, the continuance of his fame as an author. I well remember with what a sweet smile he related to me the pleasure it gave him to get a letter from a man in South Africa who had read his books; and another from some one in a Pacific island. This seemed to him to be true glory—to send out from his little study in London good words which should run to the ends of the earth, and keep working their bright ministry perhaps for ages after he was gone. That he had the "last infirmity of noble minds" is frankly intimated in a very characteristic sonnet of his to Harvard College.

"Harvard, thy classic walls before my view
In memory rise. Teacher of ancient lore,
Nurse of our fathers' minds in days of yore,
America's first Alma Mater true,
In Massachusetts' walls, when soft the dew
On moonlit groves was falling, oft I tore
My eyes from classic page away, to pore
Over the sweet still lines the moonbeams drew.
The air seemed haunted; stately forms of Rome,
With lofty Grecian mares, gilded by;
And, in the midst, bright Shakespeare's face would come,
While from the throng tall laureled Fame would wave,
And bid me join that band beyond the grave."

I am painfully conscious of being unable, within the space to which I must restrict myself, to give any adequate representation of the qualities of this beloved and venerated person. Crowning the intellectual life he led was the most impressive, pure, ardent, tolerant, loving, and attractive religious character I remember to have met in any one of his sex. It is indicative of the amenity and sunny joyousness of his religious character that he wrote and published a lengthy poem on "The *Pleasures* of Religion." It did not seem to me any trouble for him to be good; and his presence was a discourse on "the beauty of holiness."

I had intended to speak of his love of his native land; of his faith in it against all the hostility of traitors and devils; and of the sublime and unearthly and (I should like to say) angelic sternness with which, at the end of the war, he uttered the conviction that all minor criminals should be set aside, and Jefferson Davis be singled out and punished. Such language from such a serene and benignant person gave one some slight idea of the awfulness of that biblical paradox, "the wrath of the Lamb."

Knowing but little and accepting still less of the peculiar doctrines of his church, I shall always be grateful for the spiritual benefit of having known this poet, scholar, and saint. I cannot imagine death to have wrought much change in him, either as to labor or communion. In going to Heaven, he had not far to go; and I have no doubt that he has already begun there a new epic poem, or may even be trying to finish the old one, and that he will arrange his studies as systematically and pursue them as diligently as he did upon earth. It is needless to say: Peace be with him! It were better to say: May some of his peace be with us!

THE CHRISTOLOGY OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

No attentive reader of the Sacred Volume can fail to see that Christ is its most central and commanding figure. Around him are grouped and to him may be traced nearly all its thoughts. The Christological key is hence the best of all keys for unlocking the treasures of the Bible. Studying the Book from this standpoint, we shall best see the whole in the unity of its parts, and best appreciate the whole in relation to the object sought to be accomplished. Numerous are the treatises which, first and last, have been written upon Christ; and yet it is well to remember that the best Christology ever written is the one that God inspired. All others are inferior to this; and, except as endorsed by this, they are of no consequence. What then is the Christology of the Bible? How readest thou?

Prophetic Christology, which is the first phase of the idea, gives us the doctrine of Christ in a long line of *verbal* prophecies, beginning with the apostasy of man, and then extending onward through successive centuries, until about four hundred years prior to the birth of Jesus of Nazareth. These prophecies, scattered through all parts of the Jewish Scriptures, are not mere repetitions of the same idea; but, rather, progressive revelations, gradually increasing in number, and constantly adding to the fullness and completeness of the general picture which they all unite in painting. The final conception, at last ripened and developed into the form of anticipated historic reality, is that of a Person who was to appear in the garments of flesh and blood; extraordinary alike in his nature, character, and work; known by various descriptive titles; definitely marked in his ancestry and the period of his birth; set forth in the general facts of his earthly life, and in the qualities and power of the kingdom he would establish among men; and, finally, as the world's great Deliverer from sin and its curse, transcending the narrow limitations of Judaism, and proffering a religion of divine salvation to the race. These prophetic ideas, written ages before Jesus was born, make the Old Testament a book of great value to the biblical scholar.

Typical Christology was originally given by God to Moses, and by him given to the children of Israel, when they were marching through the wilderness. By them it was carried into the land of Canaan, and during all the fortunes of their national history transmitted from father to son, down to the time of Christ. It consists essentially in the tabernacle set up in the wilderness, and afterward the temple; in the Jewish priesthood as the appointed ministry thereof; in the system of sin-offerings designated and demanded by the statutes of Moses; and in the civil remission of sins secured thereby under the Judaistic Theocracy. Discovered from its relation to Christ, this sacrificial economy would seem to be but another type of Paganism. Connected with him, and regarded as pointing forward to his work, and symbolizing the principle of *grace* in the moral government of God, it is then, as the apostle says, a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ. That this is the view to be taken of this entire system we learn from Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews. In the writings of Moses we find the system minutely described; and in those of Paul we have its inspired interpretation. In the one we see the type in all its forms; and, in the other, the substance, the meaning, and reference of the type. When Christ came, the type gave place to the *reality*; and the priestly office, considered as being vested in man, was forever at an end.

Annunciatory Christology fell from the lips of John the Baptist, who was the appointed forerunner of Christ, and whose special mission consisted in announcing the fact that Jesus of Nazareth was indeed *the* Christ—and that, too, before his public life supplied the demonstration of this truth. The ancient prophets had predicted *a* Christ; but it was reserved for John the Baptist to point directly to *the* Christ, and say: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

Historical Christology is contained in the four Gospels, which are sketches or brief memoirs of Jesus of Nazareth from his birth to his miraculous ascension into Heaven. The contents here brought to view are the marvels which attended his nativity, the works and the words of his public career, and the numerous scenes, circumstances, facts, and events which are connected with his life. Taken in their aggregate, these contents form the most wonderful narrative that was ever drawn; they disclose the most remarkable character the world has ever known; and, moreover, by the coincidence of prophecy and fact, they conclusively prove Jesus of Nazareth to be the very person predicted and typified in the Old Testament. They furnish a broad basis of *facts* for the Christian religion. Millions have pondered upon them with the deepest of interest; and other millions will do so, to the end of time. They are enshrined in the purest affections of every Christian heart. Take away these facts, or destroy their credibility, and we have no Gospel to preach, because we have no Christ to preach. Christianity as a system lives or dies with the facts which underlie it.

Ecclesiastical Christology, as it appears in the Book of Acts, presents the phenomenon of a Christian church following as a sequel from the life of Christ, planted by the preaching and missionary labors of the apostles, taking into its bosom the doctrine of Christ, incarnating that doctrine in the thoughts and hearts of individual men, inscribing it in living letters upon the banner of its church life, and gradually organizing itself into the form of a Christian society as the visible kingdom of God on earth. The church is built on Christ, He is the foundation and head thereof. He gave it its name, and made himself its theme. It is hence a Christological organism, having Christ for its fundamental idea and Christ for the essential principle of its life. A church without a bishop is conceivable, and may be real; but a church without Christ is a simple pretense, if not a synagogue of Satan. Mere organization can neither make nor unmake a church; yet Christ can make one under any organization, and indeed without any. His presence always supplies all the spiritual elements of a quorum.

Doctrinal Christianity gives us the *exposition* of Christ as set forth in the discourses and writings of the apostles, especially those of Paul, who, without any disparagement of the other apostles, may be justly styled the great expounder of the Christian religion. The substance of the doctrinal Christ, as we gather it from these sources, may be stated in the following series of propositions:

1. That Jesus Christ, considered as a *Person*, is God manifest in the flesh, combining in his two-fold nature divine and human attributes, without any confusion or admixture of the one with the other—a mystery, indeed, yet a *fact*, according to the teaching of the apostles. Proof: John, i. 1—14; Col., ii. 9; I Tim., iii. 16.

2. That Christ, considered in reference to the *object* of his mission among men, is the mediating Redeemer and Saviour of sinners. Proof: I Tim., ii. 5; I John, iv. 14; John, iii. 17.

3. That, viewed in relation to the *method* of accomplishing this object, Christ is not only the great Teacher of spiritual truth, but also the High Priest of the Christian profession; as such, offering himself, not to produce an altar-scene for dramatic effect on human sensibility, but as a genuine, veritable, real sacrifice for our sins on the cross of Calvary; thereby declaring the righteousness of God in order "that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." Proof: I John, i. 7; ii. 2; Ephes., i. 7; Gal., iii, 13; I Peter, iii, 18; Heb., ii, 17.

4. That in his moral character Christ is presented as a perfect *model* for the instruction and imitation of all men. Proof: Heb., vii. 26; II Cor., v. 21; I John, ii. 6.

5. That in his *celestial* office Christ is the Dispenser of the Spirit's influence, and also the Intercessor or Advocate for all his people. Proof: John, xv. 26; I John, ii, 1.

6. That in his *regal* character Christ is the Judge of the world, raising the dead, assembling all nations at his bar, and appointing them a destiny according to the deeds done in the body. Proof: John, v, 28, 29; II Cor., v, 10.

7. That in these relations, and with these characteristics, Christ is submitted to the world as the object of human *faith*, requiring this faith, and pledging eternal salvation to those, and those only, who exercise it. Proof: John iii, 36.

These fundamental points of doctrine in respect to Christ we gather from the Scriptures. We accept them not because we can fully understand them, or because unaided reason could have discovered them; but simply because they are written in what we regard as the Book Divine. So we read the Book, and hence so we believe.

And thus we have the Christ of the Bible—the Christ whom man is invited to accept, and on whom to fix all his hopes for the life to come. This is the Christ to whom the penitent thief spake in his dying moments. This is the Christ to whom Stephen turned in his final agony. This Christ is more than a name, and infinitely more than a man. In him we have the ideas which to a large extent constitute the reasons of a religious life, and also the foundations of Christian experience. To convey these ideas to man the Bible was born into our world, and to impress them upon human souls the spirit strives with the hearts of men. He who sincerely believes them must of necessity have a style of thought and feeling practically unknown to one who does not believe them.

A CAPTIVE HUMMING BIRD.

BY JOEL T. HART.

Fleet, flying gem of burnished crest
And silver-tipped wing,
With azure, gold, and sapphire breast,
Æolian, captive thing,

Tell me the secrets of thy song,
And whence thy robe of beams;
If to the earth thou dost belong,
Or Paradise of dreams?

Born for one season, of a ray,
To banquet 'mid the bowers;
Or will thou chant another May,
Sweet minstrel of the flowers?

The coyest honeysuckles still
Their daintiest buds unfold,
For thee to kiss with honeyed bill
Their nectar lips of gold.

The lily opes its snowy cell,
The pink its crimson door;
"Sip," whispers every fond bluebell,
"My honey to the core."

While blushing flowers for thee all fling
Their fragrance on the air,
And purple morning-glories cling
On high in beauty bare,

The tiny chalice of the thyme,
And daisies, plead below,
Each, dewy-eyed, too small to climb,
"Come, kiss me ere you go!"

Away on thy melodious wing
To Love's mysterious bowers,
Still thy free band of minstrels bring
To revel 'mid the flowers.

Breathe on their bosoms fair and sweet,
And rosy lips apart,
And give and take, in Love's retreat,
The honey of the heart!

Florence, Italy, June, 1870.

MR. DISRAELI, THE CATHOLICS, AND OURSELVES.

BY REV. WM. HAGUE, D.D.

The Right Honorable B. Disraeli is enjoying, we presume, a very pleasant midsummer. Whether he be in the truest sense a happy man or not, he is certainly having a season of exultant gratification. Voltaire vindicated all that was questioned or questionable in his own writings by the saying, "I must be read"; and he *was* read. Judged from that standpoint, his success was great; so is Mr. Disraeli's. He is read. His book is a revelation to the masses of the undercurrents of thought that are now stirring the *élite* minds of England. The ideas struggling for predominance are set clearly forth in their sharp antagonisms and in their distinct relations to the life of the age. "Lothair" is everywhere talked about as a living presence, a representative character; and his name is as a household word in the palace and the cottage, in the university and the workshop.

Now one of the most curious, entertaining, and instructive things on earth is the observation of the various lights in which a pictorial work that touches the springs of social action is regarded by the different thinkers, writers, and talkers, who represent classes. In seriously answering the inquiry, "What does all this amount too?" how queerly opposed to each other are the summings up which express the main lesson of ideal or of practical value.

For example: the free press of the country generally, secular and religious, the daily and the weekly, after having criticised the work artistically, and recognized the power of the author as a delineator of scene and character, has acknowledged a degree of obligation to Mr. Disraeli for his fine tracing of the subtle influences put forth by the Jesuits in acquiring an ascendancy over the youthful and susceptible minds of a Protestant people—especially over those who inherit wealth and high social position. No man in England can boast of a superiority over Mr. Disraeli as to the means of gaining knowledge in this line of direction. His ample material has been worked with masterly skill. His novel will not die out from memory; it will be invested with an historical interest, and hold its place in the world's great picture-gallery.

The *Catholic World* also (July, 1870) acknowledges a real and profound obligation to the author of "Lothair." Have you seen the acknowledgment, friendly reader? If not, you can hardly guess it out. At any rate, we will remind or tell you. While thousands of English and American readers have been thanking Mr. Disraeli for his revelations of the Jesuits' aims and arts of proselytism, the Jesuits themselves, through that faithful exponent, the *Catholic World*, have returned thanks to him for his revelation to them of the workings of secret associations outside of their own organism. It seems they have learned something new. For it is said: "While denouncing in the strongest terms the baseness of the attempt to impute fraud, chicanery, and political trickery to the policy and plans of the Church, we have reason to thank the right honorable and learned author for the revelation he has made of the secret societies. He has had ample means of learning and understanding their operations; and his implied conclusion is that the two great forces arrayed against each other in the modern world are the Roman Catholic Church and the secret societies, of whom Masonry is the mother. This is a conclusion which we accept. It is the everlasting antagonism between the Church of Christ and the Church of the Devil." With these thanksgivings from opposite parties sounding around us, we may surely decide that Mr. Disraeli, as a popular writer, has made a fortunate hit. He has told what the many and the shrewdest wished to know. As Sir Walter Scott wore in his day the title of The Great Unknown, Mr. Disraeli has fairly earned the title of The Great Revealer. He has come by that laurel honestly, and he can wear it gracefully.

It seems then that, from the Catholics' point of view, the two great ruling powers of modern society are the Jesuit Order and the Masonic Order. We, the people—innocent, weak, and rather verdant outsiders—are all in their hands; our fortunes to be manipulated by the victorious party, now in deadly conflict. We have an interest, therefore, in watching the battle from the start. The Jesuits are ready, sounding the war-cry thus (p. 541): "We hope the glimpse thus afforded will cause some of our clergy to reconsider the lenient opinions they sometimes express in regard to Masonry and its offshoots, and to recognize the supernatural wisdom that has directed the unwavering opposition which the Church has manifested toward these works of darkness." This is a rallying call for a set contest. No wavers or doubters allowed in camp; no leniency tolerated. So we see that Mr. Disraeli has really inaugurated the campaign of the new era; and the Masonic Order, as the champion of anti-popery and freedom, is pushed to the front.

With these revelations of existing facts from such high sources, with these glimpses of the situation, we would now turn toward the leaders of the Masonic Order with an appeal on behalf of the uninitiated multitudes of the country: You see the enemy, the place of responsibility they assign to you; you hear their threats and their boasts that they know something of your secret operations. Pray, tell us what have you done for us? Why have you slept while they have been awake? They say: "Archbishop Hughes found New York a Protestant city and left it a Catholic city." What check have you opposed in self-defense? Why have you allowed millions of dollars and great landed fortunes to be voted away for the aggrandizement of your foes and the destruction of the American school system, without a murmur of remonstrance where in your voice could be heard for our encouragement? In speech and in print they say that you are of the Devil; that they hate you and would annihilate you. By what means have they tied your hands and muffled your lips, so that they have preyed upon our common property in our very sight, while we have failed to see in you any power of resistance? Do you shrink from the van in this great battle, or are you loth to fight at all for hearth and home? Speak; it is high time. Let us know whether the anathemas hurled against you as a social power are merely a strategical sham or a real antagonism that "means business"!

To-day the avowed aim of the Jesuit Order is the concentration of the voting forces of the great cities, so as to form the Catholic millions into a compact unity, capable of acting together promptly in answer to any telegraphic signal from the Infallible Head-center at the Court of Rome, which Jesuitism now rules. This is a stupendous scheme; and the raising of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility into a dogma will re-enforce it, furnishing it with new appliances and methods of appeal. A telegram from Rome at election time may pass over the continent and make a sensation, bringing new elements into effective play. Over the broad ballot-field there will be many a Napoleonic converging of forces upon a given point, for attack or defense. The Jesuit Order has not done much to originate scientific inventions; but it believes in the capacity of the Court of Rome to "utilize science," and believes in its qualification to guide the voting force of this country.

The Catholic reviewer of Mr. Disraeli can conceive of no motive for his writing such a work as "Lothair" "except the only one which would operate upon a mind like his—the desire to get back to power." For this, it is said, he starts the "no-popery" hue and cry; and, impelled by a blinding ambition, endeavors to inflame the prejudices of Englishmen against the Church of Rome, thus perpetrating at once a moral crime and a political blunder. The truth is, if Mr. Disraeli should desire to vindicate the aim and spirit of his book, he could find no more apt material than is furnished by the leading article of the July number of the *Catholic World*, entitled "The Catholic of the Nineteenth Century." Let every American voter read it carefully, for to the majority it will be a fresh revelation. It is addressed to Catholics, and really means what it says. There is no hair-splitting in it or mystification of any sort. It is worthy of a reprint and circulation in a tract form, in order that all good American citizens may know what the ideal standard of Catholic citizenship is, what good Catholics say of themselves, and what end and style of action we are to expect of them in the remaining years of the century we live in. The one grand idea, of supreme obligation upon every soul, now to be realized in action, is the faithful use of the voting power, for special ends, under the direction of the Infallible Head of the Court of Rome. How can any man avow that doctrine and be qualified for political office under the American Constitution? It is impossible. Let Mr. Disraeli read that article, study anew the whole matter in its world-wide bearings, and write a sequel to "Lothair."

TO DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

A SONNET.

BY JOEL BENTON.

My vase of pansies placed beside thy book,
And three stray fern-leaves on the desk's blue cloth,
Thy tenderness to lighten are not loth:
Stirred by some near, delectable sense of kin,
They give their grace to gracefulness atwin.

I thought when June came, with her arms of flowers,
And songs of birds, and murmuring hum of bees,
And woodland hymns, and rivulet melodies,
That Paradise had touched this vale of ours:
Or, like the "blessed damozel" of thy verse,
Had leaned beyond Heaven's "golden barriers."
—Then, fragrant as the breath of perfumed seas
Sweeping far inland, came thy odorous book,
And even June a bluer wonder took!

CONCERNING YOKES.

BY REV J. W. DODGE.

Not wooden yokes for cattle; but social, moral, and religious ones for men and women. But they are essentially alike in structure. They are all made to press heavily on the shoulders and keep the head down; the object being to check the freedom and secure a dead pull. Like many other old-fashioned instruments, however, they are not nearly now-a-days as they used to be; and there is more restiveness even under such as we have. Men's necks are becoming more sensitive in proportion as their backbones are stiffening. They are very particular about the make. It is a good while since some refused to wear those with the royal stamp. The kind that used to be branded variously as "White," "Caucasian," "Anglo-Saxon" has become very unpopular in this country. The ecclesiastical sort, though universally worn in the Old World, has never been worn much here. There is just now a general convention at Rome, to see what can be done to infuse new life into the yoke-making business, which is getting unprofitable everywhere. It is understood that special reference is had to the establishment of a new branch in this country; but the prospects, thus far, are not brilliant. But, most remarkable of all, the ancient and for the most part very comfortable variety made expressly for woman is being examined very carefully, and from present appearances bids fair to go by the board. In fact, the wholesale yoke business is about ruined. People are getting into the way of making their own, and suiting themselves. The watchword everywhere is: "Off with all artificia lyokes. Necks are tired and shoulders ache. We have been like dumb driven cattle all through the

The Independent.

MY LOVE AND I.

BY CYNTHIA RENSHAW.

We paused beneath the chestnut trees,
Which crowned a little grassy knoll,
And sat to rest, my Love and I,
Way-weary from a lengthened stroll.

The sunlight, tangled in the leaves,
Illumined with an emerald glow
The canopy above our heads
And shimmered on the sod below.

Sweet odors from the clover-blooms,
Which reddened in the noontide heat,
Wooed by the south wind's amorous sighs,
Dissolved in dew-showers at our feet.

The air was tremulous with joy
And filled with music to the brim—
Insect and bird, and wave and wind,
Commingling in one choral hymn.

The distant range of rolling hills
Stretched gently sloping to the sea,
Till on the dim horizon's verge
We saw not where it ceased to be.

It was our June of life and love,
And Nature's countless spells were blent
In one delicious cup of joy,
That filled our souls with ravishment.

But, when the day's last rosy tint
Had faded from the western sky,
We parting, each our separate road
To walk, in sad uncertainty.

Again, beneath the chestnut trees,
Which crowned the hillock as of yore,
We paused to rest, my Love and I,
Way-weary, worn, and travel-sore.

Our paths, diverging years before
Through much of loneliness and pain,
Had brought us, with a yearning faith,
To our first trysting place again.

And through the brown dismantled boughs
We watched the clouds in grim array
Float slowly upward, till at length
The heavens were draped in leaden gray.

In the wild mirth and mad career
Of winds that swept the lowland bare
The wrecks of summer blossoms swirled,
But left no perfume on the air.

Far off, the headland, stretching out,
Pushed its sharp outline 'gainst the sky,
And round its rocky base the waves
In shivered atoms seemed to lie.

A shuddering dread, a spectral fear,
A dim foreshadowing of ill,
Seemed brooding round us, as we sat,
And struck our hearts with sudden chill.

It quickly passed. Hand clasped in hand,
Soul clasping soul in mute caress;
No spoken word, no ardent vows
Could make or mar our happiness.

For in that touch, subdued and soft,
And in that look, so deep, so true,
Such blissful confidence was born
As love's first raptures never know.

The bright, short spring-time of our life,
The summer's deeper prophecies,
Like a sweet pictured idyl lay,
Girt round with tender memories.

But meeting thus, that autumn day,
Soul knit to soul, so closely one,
We felt, although our hearts were o'er,
Our life of life had just begun.

BERTHA'S FIRST COMMUNION.

THE beautiful hills of the Odenwald were clothed in all their Easter garments. Like a miracle, the brown branches had burst into a flame of tender green; the Heiligenberg, and the opposite hight on which stands the castle—then the electoral palace, now the grandest ruin in Europe—were dotted with cherry-trees, which suddenly broke forth into white blossoms like a visible anthem—"Now is Christ risen from the dead." The green Neckar flowed with a swifter current, as if into it too the new life had entered. All the valley was full of the song of resurrection. And next Sunday the children were to have their first communion.

It is a generous way these Germans have of taking things for granted. Every child who has come to the age of thirteen years, and has been properly instructed, is supposed to be a Christian at heart. It would be as monstrous, wouldn't it, not to love and worship the Lord who has redeemed us as not to love and obey our parents? And no one goes from house to house inquiring who loves father and mother. Too often they are mistaken, no doubt; so much the worse for the children. But here in Germany to this day the government allows no boy or girl to leave school before confirmation; nor can any one be apprenticed or received into any sort of business relation until he is in full membership with the church. It isn't safe, you see, to have such an unregulated person let loose in the community. And if the "inward and spiritual grace" always went with the "outward and visible sign," I am not sure that they would be wrong. In America these matters are left to each one's judgment and conscience.

But in the spring I am writing of there was no question of American republics or the right of private judgment. It was before the Reformation; simple people had not begun to think much about the organization of the Church. They attended prayers, went through the forms of their religion, and put more or less heart into it according as the Lord led them. The more honest and simple-minded they were the less they suffered from the corruptions of their church, which sold permissions to sin; and the heart of Germany has always been more deep and earnest in religion than the nations of the South.

Little Bertha lived with her mother in a cottage on the road which leads from the Karl's Thor up to the castle. Frau Werner was only a poor washerwoman, who had work sometimes from the great family. Since her husband had been killed in the war, the poor woman, who was feeble from illness, had been able to supply her wants only by incessant industry; and, though the two had never suffered hunger, it was often only black bread that they had to eat.

Bertha was thirteen this April; so the Herr Pfarrer had sent to notify her mother that Bertha must be presented for confirmation. It was no unwelcome summons, for this was a thoughtful little soul; and when she had heard at church about the benefits that came with holy communion she had always longed for the time when she might be admitted. She had been trying in her simple way to act and speak as she believed the Lord Jesus would approve. When she had done wrong, it needed no penance imposed by the priest to make her sorry; and, if she had the penitential Psalms to say, it was with her whole heart that she repeated (for she had learned what it meant), "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, according to Thy loving kindness." Therefore it was with great readiness that Bertha attended the class for instruction preparatory to the first communion, and as the time drew near she was trembling with happy expectation.

But (you might not think it) even at such a time it is not always permitted to live wholly in the spirit and above the flesh. Across Bertha's happy visions began to float the specter of a confirmation robe, which custom, stern as fate, made quite indispensable. "The nicest part of it," I am afraid some of you girls will say —"to have a beautiful white dress, with wreath and gloves and embroidered handkerchief." Alas! no. If your mother is a poor widow, who can scarcely keep her little girl's stuff gown decently patched, the expense may be not so much an indulgence as a cruel necessity; and a white confirmation dress may be almost as unattainable as the robes of an angel. Many poor children begged from door to door for the means of dressing themselves for the occasion—as certain little Heidelbergers, their descendants, perhaps, have been doing this very spring. But Bertha's mother had a twinge of the old pride, which was doubtless very wrong and worldly-minded. She had lowered herself, people said, to marry Franz Werner, the handsome soldier. His wife thought otherwise, for never a truer soul breathed on earth; and, but for that fatal musket-ball, who knew but he might have been by this time a rich and honored captain, with as many stars and crosses as the best of them? At any rate, his only child should not be seen begging from her mother's old schoolmates.

At last Bertha hit upon a plan.

"It isn't much I can do, Mother, dear, since I am such a weak little thing, as you say. But I know that they are beginning to pick up dry leaves in the woods near the Angel's Meadow, and I think they would let me help."

"Let you, indeed!" cried the mother, with a flame in her eyes of the old expiring pride. "They may well enough let my darling be a servant to their cattle in the stalls. But you are right, my Bertha: we cannot afford to be proud."

Early next morning Bertha was in the woods, when she presently met an old woman, bent under a bundle of dry leaves, nearly three times as big as herself. In America, after our wintry storms, these leaves would be mingled with the soil; but here they lie on the ground in March, dry and rustling as in November, and the thrifty people carry them away in handcarts or bundles, to make beds for swine or cattle, or even to serve as fuel. The old woman unbent herself as Bertha approached, and asked what brought her that way so early.

"If you please," said the child, timidly, "I want to earn some money for my first communion; and I came to see if you would let me pick up leaves with you."

The leathery old face went to a hundred additional wrinkles at this announcement; but they were marks of good-nature, and not of unkindness.

"Herr Jesu, hear the child! Well, really, I have not the least objection; but who is to pay you I don't know. You see I am only working for Farmer Klaussen, to get wool for next winter's spinning; and whether he will pay money and take another hand—*such* hands—I can't say. However, we can risk it for an hour or two; and when he comes along, as he is sure to do in the course of the morning, we can ask him."

Farmer Klaussen, as it happened, was a hard-featured and harder-hearted man. People who could remember so long, said that he had been wholly different in his youth, and that the petrifying process had commenced when Anna Reimling married the soldier. At any rate, since that time he was not known to have expended a kind word on man, woman, or child. He had devoted himself to his farm, and had become every year richer and more disagreeable. Little Bertha was not greatly encouraged when she learned that only this cross old farmer was gathering leaves on the Heiligenberg; but her object was too dear to be sacrificed, and she resolved to face Farmer Klaussen as she would have faced a blustering north wind, if need were. Not knowing the reason of his moroseness, she was as uncharitable as most people are in their ignorance. If she had known, she might have found in the depths of her pitiful little heart some excuse even for him.

Presently a heavy step was heard along the path, and a very pale little face was turned to meet the coming man. The farmer, however, was quite as much startled as the child by the apparition that met his eyes; and for once his harsh voice belied him when he said, "What is your name?"

"Bertha Werner," she faltered, in as muffled a tone as if she had been caught stealing. Then, by a mighty effort of recollection, such as we sometimes make in dreams, convincing herself that she was not a thief, nor any other sort of malefactor, but a very ordinary little person with plenty of business on hand, she continued: "I want to earn some money for my first-communion dress. May I come and work for you, please, sir?"

"First communion," muttered the man. "Anna has been confirmed. Don't I remember her white dress and the lilies? A little taller and rosier, but the very same eyes"

He was looking through and beyond poor little Bertha, who stood trembling and wishing herself the specter he thought her.

"How many years have *you* been alive?" he said, at last.

"Thirteen years this spring," said Bertha, wondering.

"Ah, yes! Fourteen crops in the big books; fourteen rings around the old trunk; fourteen years gone out of the life of Hans Klaussen!"

"Was he crazy?" Bertha thought—charity and right reason coming, as usual, to the same conclusion.

"About the leaves," she faltered, at length. "Can I work for you, sir; and will you pay me a little money?"

"Money? Oh, yes, I suppose so," he said, turning away with a harsh laugh. "But mind you," he said, looking back, "come Saturday to the farm-house, and I will pay you."

Now the promise of payment was quite a matter of course, which Bertha would by no means have had neglected. But, as the farmer put it, it sounded more like the growl of an ogre from his den, saying, "I'll eat you," or "I'll tear you to pieces."

Little Bertha's meditations were troubled after her bargain was made, and it was long before she could enter into the joy of new life in Nature, and the soul which had filled her heart as with spring sunshine before the interruption. I suppose the spiritualists would say that her sphere had been invaded by a foreign and hostile influence. At last she returned unto her rest, with the sudden relief we sometimes find in the recollection that there is One who cares; and that all our little worries are really very ridiculous, for He who can keep this great world in order is not likely to find anything so very perplexing in our little concerns. "Dear Lord Jesus," she said, in a low tone, as she often did now, when alone in the woods, "you know all our troubles, and you will not let that bad man do us any harm." Then, rising to a higher feeling as the harsh epithet seemed to dissolve in the warmth of faith, she added: "And bless him too. He must be so unhappy, to be so cross. Make him kind and good because you are good."

All that week Bertha was busy in the woods; and many a time she came down the road and across the old bridge, with her slender shoulders surmounted by a bundle of leaves—light enough, but so large that it made her look like Atlas carrying the world. The farm-house was half a mile away, and Bertha was glad enough of an excuse for storing up her leaves in the little shed adjoining her mother's cottage until Saturday, when a good neighbor had promised to come with his hand-cart and transport them for her. A large sheet was spread upon the floor, and upon this the pile of leaves grew so fast day by day that it almost filled the shed.

There had been a witness to the bargain between Bertha and the farmer, who was as actively cruel as the farmer was hard and selfish. This was Hans, Farmer Klaussen's only nephew, namesake, and prospective heir, a boy three or four years older than Bertha. With the reckless ignorance of a boy, he had the selfish cunning of a much older villain; and, perceiving something unusual in his uncle's manner, he took the alarm.

"Well, well," said Hans. "When my uncle begins to be kind to anybody, there's no knowing what we are coming to. What is the old fellow good for, but to lay up money for me? He will never get any comfort out of his earnings himself; it shall be my business, when he is gone, to see that they come to some use. But as to this soft-hearted dodge, I don't see it." At least, this is a fair translation of what Hans said in the slang German of his own particular century.

It was no use trying to influence Farmer Klaussen, for neither his nephew nor any one else who knew him ever attempted that. Hans resolved that his attack must be made upon poor little Bertha's store of leaves. As he reconnoitered the premises on Friday night, I must do him the credit to say that he was shaken in his resolution by finding that the leaves were heaped directly against the wall of the cottage. It was only for a moment, however. His old dogged determination came back, and he muttered to himself: "Never mind, it is stone; it can't burn, and this light fuel would hardly set wood afire. It will only smoke, and frighten them a little." And he emptied a brazier of live coals into the pile of leaves and ran lightly away.

Bertha was sunk in that sound and healthy sleep which comes of a long day in the open air. Her mother was roused by a flame at the woodshed window, which caught the curtain within and filled the apartment with smoke.

"Bertha, my child, my love!" the poor woman cried, in her terror; and, snatching whatever garments lay nearest, in their bewilderment, the two sprang out of doors. There was no hope of saving anything; the wind carried the flames directly into the little kitchen, and the blinding smoke made it impossible to enter. There was little enough to lose, but it was all they had.

Happily the good porter of the castle was just returning from the inn when his attention was attracted by the smoke and flames. He was instantly on the spot; and, though the fire could not be put out, he conducted Bertha and her mother to his lodge, which was but a short distance. There his good wife soon made them comfortable for the night, and they postponed till morning the question what next was to be done.

It was with a heavy, disheartened feeling that the two desolate ones awoke to face the world again. The porter made an early visit to the castle, where, through the influence of powerful attendants, he was favored with an audience by the elector. The prince was very gracious, and ordered that another cottage should immediately be made ready for the widow and her child, placing a generous sum of money in the porter's hand for the furnishing.

But all this did not help little Bertha's previous project. The excitement and exposure to cold, besides some slight bruises and burns, rendered her sick for several days; and the precious time was slipping away during which she could make herself ready for confirmation. Her soul, perhaps, was none the less ready for the patient effort with which she crowded down all murmuring thoughts, and tried to aid her mother in the new household preparations, forgetful of her own needs. A very small fraction of the elector's gift had indeed been expended in a homespun linen gown, bought from a farmer's wife who had woven it; but this was sure to look painfully shabby beside the beautiful robes of the others.

The last Friday came, the last class was attended at the parsonage; and Bertha was prepared with a sweet and humble mind to appear, like the little pauper she was, at the table of the Lord.

Saturday night, and the fast commenced; for no food must pass her lips until the mystic element should be received. Sunday morning arose gloriously clear, and Bertha awoke from happy dreams with its earliest ray. What lay before her? Not the heavy homespun dress which had been carefully laid out the night before; but a beautiful robe, white as snow and light as gossamer—the very emblem not of purity alone, but of joy and peace. Above it lay a wreath of pure lilies, dazzling for whiteness; and the embroidered kerchief and gloves, complete as for a little princess. Any other child might have jumped for joy. Bertha stood regarding these wonders with clasped hands and with tears in her eyes. She was an ignorant little thing, you see; and she had just been dreaming that the Virgin Mary had appeared to her, not in glorious majesty, as some have falsely painted her, but as the sweet and simple Hebrew maiden whom Fra Angelico has represented in his pictures of the Annunciation. And the Virgin had said: "Grieve not, dear child, thy Lord looketh upon the heart. In his eyes thou wilt be beautiful, if thou art clothed with humility and adorned with a meek and quiet spirit." Then the white cloud which surrounded the heavenly visitant had seemed to rest down upon the table, and shape itself into the robe which was before Bertha's eyes when she awoke.

Then she went to the church at the early hour when all the children, having first assembled at the pastor's house, entered bearing their candles. Her dear mother was there in tears of joy and tenderness, and Bertha never felt the stones of the church floor beneath her feet, nor saw the new dress, nor thought of the pretty kerchief; she seemed to be floating in a glorious white cloud, not of beauty, but of heavenly love. It seemed to her that with the holy bread a new life entered her soul, and that it must be impossible ever more to sin or be afraid. Wiser people than Bertha have felt these exaltations of spirit, and some of them have descended into the same old wearing, worrying world again; while others have found that influence of these bright hours went with them forever after, a light and a comfort in the most dark and perplexing places.

Do you care to know the secret of Bertha's new dress? I am inclined to think it was not the Virgin Mary that brought it, whatever the little girl may have dreamed. It was more likely to have been the electress palatine, who, living so near, ought to have heard of Frau Werner's misfortune and its singular occasion. It would have been only kind and neighborly of her, don't you think? to supply the little girl's need, when she could so easily do it.

But there is reason to suppose that it was neither the Virgin nor the electress; but a very different person from either. At least, a very unusual thing had happened the week before. Farmer Klaussen had made a journey—not to Mannheim, on the Rhine, his usual market-town; but to Heilbronn, back in the Odenwald, where he was scarcely known. The merchant there had been amused by this rough-spoken farmer, who had the awkward air of a man who is about some unaccustomed business, when he ordered the most delicate and ladylike fabrics, without regard to expense. A dressmaker, too, had received *carte blanche* to exercise her own taste in the making, since the farmer could not aid her with his own. You may put this little circumstance with that, if you please.

In any case, it happened, after a while, that Bertha's tender little heart began to entertain almost an affection for Farmer Klaussen. "I don't believe he is as hard as people think, Mother," said she. "Perhaps some one was cruel to him, when he was younger. And how hard it must be to live all alone, with no one to care for him!"

It was a sad but not unpitying smile with which Frau Werner replied. I believe she had half begun to entertain the same opinion these few weeks past. And, at last, considering that her soldier could not come back, and that her child might sometime need a strong protector when the motherly care was gone, I believe Frau Werner admitted that a faithful love of near twenty years was worthy its reward, and that there might be something endurable in Farmer Klaussen, after all.

E. T.

HEIDELBERG, BADEN, May 10, 1870.

SUPERSTITIONS OF EGYPT.

BY REV. ABBOTT E. KITTREDGE.

EGYPT is a land whose glory was contemporaneous with Abraham, but is to-day the thrilling fulfillment of sacred prophecy: "She shall be the basest of nations." On her vast, solemn ruins may be traced the hand of that divine, omnipotent Providence which not only controls governments and nations, but also levels their power and glory to the dust, when "it seemeth good in His sight." His chariot-wheels roll over every obstacle. Nothing can stand before his wrath. To one visiting that ancient land, the customs and manners of the people are as interesting as the ruins of temples; for their very superstitions are the ruins of former greatness and power of mind and heart.

No one fact impresses you more than the pregnant use of seemingly religious words and phrases in the most ordinary conversation, and from the lips of those who are ignorant, irreligious, and morally corrupt and degraded. The name of God is as familiar as that of mother; and yet is used with no gleam or conception of its sacred, sublime meaning. I remember many illustrations of this which came under my personal observation. The song of the sailors on the Nile boat, as they rowed or pushed the vessel with poles from the shore, was invariably in words such as "Trust in God," "Pray to God," repeated over and over again. Before commencing a meal, which they eat with their fingers, having formed a circle on the deck, each one exclaims, "God is good, may a blessing follow this meal." One of the sailors, who had been absent from the boat for a few days, was greeted on his return with: "Thank God, you have returned"; "Peace be to you"; "May you be blessed, because you are returned"; "The Lord be with you: in peace." The morning call which wakens the sailor from sleep is: "My brothers, come to prayers. Come to prayers." And when they meet or pass other boats, salutations are exchanged like these: "The peace of God be with you"; "May you have peace." Our cook, who was a miserable, dissipated fellow, was particularly earnest in his ejaculations of *religious peace*, his favorite expression, when excited, being: "Oh, repentance! Oh, repentance!"

No Arab ever commenced to write a book or an article of any kind, though it may be of an irreligious and even licentious character, without first writing these words on the title-page: "In the name of God, most compassionate and merciful"; or, if the writer be a Copt, "In the name of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." It is a curious fact that no Egyptian boy or man ever *whistles* or is willing to make the attempt, this accomplishment being confined to more *civilized* and *Christian* nations. They firmly believe that it is one of the peculiar characteristics of the Devil, who whistles in order to entice and entrap the souls of men. I had an opportunity of testing this one evening, as our boat was anchored at the little village of Assouan, on the Nile. The sheikh of the village honored us by his presence, accompanied by his principal men, one of whom led by the hand his son, a lad of about 10 years of age. Thinking to amuse him, I gave him a small whistle, which he grasped eagerly; but the father snatched it quickly from his hands and returned it to me, saying, "It is not good, it is not good." I took it, and whistled through it myself, supposing that the father had mistaken its character; when the old sheikh interrupted me by placing his hand on my shoulder, saying, "No, no! Howadji, it is not good. God has given us a mouth to speak with; and to make that noise is not good, it is from the Devil." One night our boat lay tied to the bank (there being no breeze); and, noticing the cheerful blaze of a fire on the shore, I walked toward it, life expecting, however, any incident of interest upon that desolate bank of the Nile. In an arbor of corn-stalks were three Egyptians, from a neighboring village, watching their boat (also tied up for the night), and two of our sailors sitting with them. In the course of conversation I said, "Do you ever deceive?" They answered simultaneously, "No." "Do you ever tell lies?" I continued. "No, no; never! Before God, we walk correctly." (And yet an Egyptian seems to lie as naturally as he breathes.) "But, if you do wrong, will you go to Heaven?" "No, no," they all exclaimed; "we shall be lost forever and go to Hell!" Their interest was now thoroughly roused; and one of the number related the following incident, which he informed me "really happened." "A sheikh, very holy, lived alone on a mountain; and he did something but fast and pray. One day Moses came to see him, and stopped to tea with the sheikh; and the Lord sent some supper to the two. When Moses entered, the sheikh said, 'Peace be to you.' And Moses answered, 'To you be peace.' Well, the sheikh, what does he do but hide one of the portions of food and divide the other, as if that were all. After supper, he asks Moses, 'Shall I, when I die, go to Heaven, or Hell?' Moses said, 'I will go and ask God, and come back and tell you.' Moses goes away, and meets some thieves, who had robbed the rich to clothe and feed the poor. They put to him the same question, to which the same answer is returned. He then meets one, a farmer, who has worked hard for seven years; and then one who has lain in the sand, poor and sick, scraping a little food together. And all put to Moses the same question, 'Shall I go to Heaven, or Hell?' And the answer is the same: 'I will go and ask God, and will come again.' The Lord's reply, as given by Moses, was as follows: To the thieves he said, 'You will go to Heaven, because you rob the rich to give to the poor.' To the laborer, 'You will go to Heaven; but you must labor seven years more, and the sight of the Lord will be near unto you.' To the poor sick man in the sand, 'You will go to Heaven, but the sand and your poverty and sickness are given you by God, and are really great blessings to you. Wait a little.' To the sheikh he said, 'You will go to Hell, because you kept back the food which God sent you, and only gave the one portion for you and me.' 'What,' said the sheikh, 'I go to Hell for just one little sin, when I am so holy?' 'Yes,' answered Moses; 'you who live alone on this mountain and so near to God, to commit one sin, after all your prayer and solitude, this is awful, and you must go to Hell.'" I went back to my boat, to lie awake and think of the theology of this "Arabian night" story, and to put to myself the question, "Will not *my sins* deserve a far greater condemnation at the last day than those of these ignorant, degraded men, who have only the law of God written on their hearts?"

THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

THERE is a tract of forest in Northern New York, larger than the State of Massachusetts, which for the beauty of its lakes and the comeliness of its mountains is unrivaled in our America, and not even approached by any country of Europe. It is a primeval wilderness of woods, untrodden by man; and, more truly than the home of Burns, a

"Land of mountain and of flood."

The wild bear growls in its innermost solitudes; the deer shows its graceful form on the banks of every "outlet"; the lakes are the play-waters of the trout and a hundred less lovely but quite as sportive fish; the lonely loon, the gossiping squirrel, the plaintive pigeon, and the greedy hawk and eagle—the Jim Fisk, Junior, and the Vanderbilt of the woods—are the only living creatures that you see as you row along its lakes or tramp across its "carries."

Americans have explored every region of the globe, and yet this wild and magnificent district—the coronet of America, studded with sparkling lakes resplendent—has remained, until within two years, an undiscovered country. I know not, nor can any man tell what good Mr. Murray may achieve as a pastor (we all see in Boston that he has made his church, once satirized as "Brimstone Corner," fragrant with the perfumes of a sweeter charity and a tenderer love than Calvin ever found in the Sermon on the Mount); but I do know that there are few men living who deserve such hearty thanks for their geographical discoveries as he does in introducing the Adirondacks to his countrymen.

I made a trip around a circle of lakes two weeks ago, to determine whether I should make the Adirondacks the permanent summer resort of my family. The route we took (for there were a party of us) was the best, because both the shortest and the most picturesque: from Boston by Fitchburgh to Rutland, and from thence to Burlington, through the most beautiful pastoral region of New Hampshire and Vermont; across Lake Champlain, as the setting sun hung over it like a huge molten ball of richest rubies; a night at Platisburg, at the famous "Fouguè's"; from that town by railroad to Ausable Station, twenty miles away; and from there to Pol (baptized Apollo) Smith's, on the Lower St. Regis, by stage —one long day's journey. This second day's ride leads you through a wild and rugged tract, with here and there bits of beautiful scenery; but the country for the most part is austere in character and angular featured. There is "no nonsense about it." It seems to say: "Here I am, with my wallets full of iron ore. My orders are to offer it to you Yankees. So take it or leave it; and, if you take it, clear out as soon as you have robbed me." The people who inhabit this tract are mostly Canadians of French origin, tempered with aboriginal blood; and those living corpses of the Cross—those men who make real to us the possibility of Swedenborg's veracity when he reports that he had talked with spirits who had been dead for years, and yet did not know it—those clean-shaven, black-petticoated slaves of a church that has departed this life—the Roman Catholic priests, are seen moving about here and there, to tell of the spiritual carrion that lies hidden somewhere out of sight in these mining districts.

"Pol" Smith's is the fashionable hotel of the wilderness; so we did not stay at it more than a night. But early in the morning we were introduced to our guides, who each took a boat on his shoulders and one of us under his charge. The boats are light, graceful skiffs, weighing from 75 to 100 pounds, and carrying from one to two passengers with the guide who rows it.

These guides are bodily saints; strong men made perfect thorough exercise; healthy by constantly inhaling the purest atmosphere that our hemisphere can boast. For these bracing breezes that ripple the little lakes have come full fifty miles through odorous forests of spruces, balsam, firs, and pine, to bring your pent perfumed benefactions; and so potent is their voice that when the sick man hears it he is straightway cured of his malady. Murray has not told the hundredth part of the story that might be truthfully written of the marvelous effects of the Adirondack atmosphere. My lungs have breathed the air of almost every state in the Union, of every province north of us, and of the loveliest of the West India islands; but never before an atmosphere so clarified, so soft, so life-giving as I inhaled during my two-days' stay in the wilderness.

During our third day we rowed across the chain of lakes that stretch between Smith's and Bartlett's. You will find them in the map of the tourists' edition of Murray's "Adventures in the Adirondacks." These lakes are in length and breadth only a few miles each; you see from shore to shore; but they are so different in form and in setting that each of them charms you with its unexpected newness of beauty.

Massive in proportion and grand in outline, always varied both in form and grouping, these Adirondack Mountains, as seen from the lakes, are a perpetual delight to the eye that has been taught to do homage to the beautiful and the majestic. And beauty and majesty are wonderfully blended here in the blue mist that floats around the mountain-peaks, leaving their lofty summits all unveiled and sunlit—scarfs of delicate vapor, that daintily toy with the robust features that they half conceal and half reveal; in a sky over all that in purity of color, and tenderness of tone, and fleeciness of clouds remind one of the entrancing splendors of a tropical morning or an Italian summer day; in the unwearying aspect of the sides of the acclivities, that are never one dull mass of a dark green, but are uniformly varied with a skill that art can imitate afar off, but can never reach; in the shimmering lakes, that delight to reflect the titanic proportions of the everlasting hills; everywhere and in everything—in the heavens above, and in the waters beneath, and in the lowlands and highlands alike between.

It is Paradise regained; but not a Paradise for fools. As only the brave deserve the fair, so none but the true are worthy of the Adirondacks. Saratoga is good enough for the butterflies of every human variety; who enters *here*, this holy land, should take from off their feet the sandals of every worldly folly. I felt as in a temple, God-consecrated for the worship of Nature and of Nature's Creator; and a sense of desecration oppressed me whenever an impure or a flippant word escaped any member of our party. For the quietude here has something sacred in it; and a Sabbath stillness, a hushed and reverential peace steals over the mind as you glide from shore to shore, and as you sit beneath the sad, sighing trees, that sheltered others of God's creatures generations ere you saw the light, and will do the same service long after you have gone beyond. And I thanked God for his great gift of the Adirondacks.

BOSTON, July 18th, 1870.

THE Chicago *Post*, in the course of a modest article on that city, says: "By no possibility can New York extend beyond Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. There the Spuyten Duyvil comes in and bars all progress. Chicago can go to Seventeen Thousand Nine Hundred and Eighty-seventh street without an obstruction. As 17,987 is greater than 225, so will Chicago be greater than New York in the good time coming. Such is the unanswerable argument of geography and the earth's surface, as established from the foundations of the world."

Temperance.

A NEW VIEW OF THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

BY JAMES COULTER LAYARD, M. D.

AFTER all the exertions that have been made in behalf of temperance; after all that has been done by temperance societies, by the Sons of Temperance, by the Good Templars, and by kindred organizations; after all the mighty efforts that have been put forth by the Christian public, and by philanthropists generally; and after all the prohibitory statutes that have been enacted, the torrent of intemperance still rushes on with increasing volume and increasing vehemence, and there are more intoxicating liquors sold and drank in the United States to-day than at any former period of our history. Never in the history of human effort have the results achieved been so out of all proportion to the exertions made. And why this is so has long been a problem with those engaged in the temperance reformation, and has caused a suspicion to arise in the minds of reflecting men that there is something radically wrong in our treatment of the evil.

This is true. Our treatment of this question hitherto has been all wrong—in fact, mere quackery, sheer empiricism. We have not gone to the bottom of the matter. We have only lopped off some of the branches of this deadly Upas, without ever striking at the root of the evil.

I propose, therefore, in this article to treat this question in a different way—to treat it rather as a physiologist than as a moralist; rather as a physician than as a metaphysician; to treat it, in short, as a question of physiology and on a physiological basis.

In order to treat any disease successfully, we must first, if possible, discover the cause of the malady and endeavor to remove that. And in many instances this is all the treatment that is required.

Public opinion has laid this to the dramshops. I think it would be more philosophical to say that intemperance, or the desire to indulge in intoxicating drinks, causes dramshops to appear, to satisfy that desire, than that the dram-shops cause the intemperance. Whenever in any community a demand arises for a commodity, of whatever kind, there are always to be found those who, for a consideration, are ready to supply that demand. Dram-shops exist simply to supply a previously existing demand. They exist in accordance with a well-known law of political economy—viz., the law of demand and supply. They are not the prime cause of intemperance, though we admit that they increase the evil. More liquor is sold and drunk, no doubt, owing to the ready facility which they afford for obtaining it; just as there is always a greater consumption of other superfluities or luxuries, or, in fact, of anything else not an absolute necessity of life, where there are frequent and ready facilities for obtaining the same. That through their agency persons, especially young, perhaps, are led into habits of dissipation and idleness, who otherwise might have remained sober and industrious, I also admit. Admitting that they are a cause of the drunkenness that exists in their immediate vicinity, they are still, for the most part, but an exciting cause. The inherent cause, the chief cause, must be looked for further back.

What are the inherent causes of the great amount of intemperance which exists among our people? These are many and various. I will mention but three or four which to my mind are among the most prominent. I note, first, a predisposition to the use of alcoholic stimulants received from the parents, and transmitted from father to son and from generation to generation, by hereditary descent. Peculiarities of form and feature, as well as moral qualities, it is well known, are transmitted from parent to child. So is the predisposition to certain diseases—as scrofula, consumption, etc.—and in many instances the diseases themselves are transmitted; and why not the appetite for intoxicating liquors? Other vices are transmitted; why not this one? It is. Every medical man knows it. And inebriates of this class are the most difficult to reform; just as scrofula and consumption are more difficult to eradicate where the subject has received some hereditary taint.

I note, secondly, the effect of our American life and habits upon the nervous system. We live in a fast age—an age of steam and electric telegraphs. We exist on the high pressure principle. Everything must be done with lightning speed. And in the race for riches, under the pressure of active competition, we sometimes seem to require some extra stimulus to rouse up our flagging energies, and keep them up to the top notch of efficiency and available activity. Hence, resort is had to ardent spirits.

Some there are, too, who think that our fickle, changeable climate is a cause of this super-sensitiveness of the nervous system, which creates such a craving for diffusible stimulants. But to seek in them a remedy for such a condition is like applying fire to tow.

But all these are merely subordinate causes. I hold that the chief cause of the appetite for strong drink is our people, and the great cause which overtops and overshadows all others, is to be found in the quantity and the quality of the food they eat. As long as the American people consume such quantities of stimulating and highly-seasoned food as they do they will want to imbibe stimulating drinks. Stimulating food and stimulating drinks go necessarily together. The one is the concomitant of the other. A man who begins his dinner with a plate of soup, into which he has put some portion of the contents of nearly every bottle in the caster; then takes fish, covered with Worcestershire or some other piquant sauce; this to be followed with a cut of roast beef, plastered over with mustard; and so on to the end, excites a thirst in his system which plain cold water will not satisfy. Not that cold water would not be the best thing with which to put out the fire he has kindled within the vital domain by the use of such hot, stimulating condiments; but he does not want that—it is too insipid. Having partaken of food so prepared that it burns and stings as it is swallowed, he craves a drink that will burn and sting too as it goes down, and burn after it gets down. Hence he orders from the bar a draught of liquid fire in the form of a glass of brandy and water, or a whisky cocktail.

A word just here as to this terrible *thirst*, so called, of the inebriate—the drunkard's thirst. It is not in any proper sense of the word *thirst*; that is, a demand of the system for fluids, which demand is make known through a certain sensation in the fauces. But it is the cry of the whole nervous system for something that will stimulate. This craving of the inebriate for alcoholic beverages is as much a demand of the entire nervous organization for its accustomed stimulus as is the craving of the opium-eater for his special stimulus. In the case of the inebriate, relief comes in a fluid form, hence the craving has been called *thirst*; but the term is a misnomer.

Inebriates, too, as a general thing, are inordinate eaters. Mr. Parton, in his *Atlantic Monthly* article—"Will the Coming Man Drink Wine?"—asks, "How could we dispose of the enormous amount of food we consume on festive occasions without the aid of some stimulus to digestion?" or something to this effect. We do not pretend to give the exact words, but this is the substance. I have visited at inebriate asylums and sanitariums for the cure of the intemperate; and I have always noticed that the patients were, most of them, large eaters, especially of animal food. Beef, too, was preferred to mutton and other kinds, as being the most stimulating kind of animal food. And it was usually covered with mustard, sufficient in quantity to blister the heel of the thickest skinned negro to be found anywhere, if applied thereto. Almost everything else that was eaten was made literally black with pepper. I said to the steward of one of these institutions that he ought to put the pepper on the table in bowls, with spoons in them, and let the boarders supply themselves in that way; for it took too long to get the required quantity from the ordinary style of pepper-box with perforated lid. Coffee and tea were drunk in large quantities. Tobacco was used to excess. Everybody seemed to be smoking, smoking continually. Said to me a physician of repute in the town where one of these institutions is located, with whom I happened to be conversing on this subject: "Yes, sir, they smoke tobacco—*tons* of it."

Now, it may not be true that every one who eats inordinately, and of stimulating and highly-seasoned food, is a drunkard; but I hold that such a one, by his manner of living, supplies the necessary conditions for becoming a drunkard. That he does not become one is, perhaps, because of a high moral principle acting in conjunction with a great willpower to restrain his appetite for diffusible stimulants; for I hold that in such a case this appetite, to a greater or less extent, exists. The converse, however, of this proposition is true—*viz.*, that, as a general thing, men who are fond of stimulating drinks are also fond of stimulating and highly-seasoned food. Not every man either who chews tobacco or smokes segars will drink whisky; but the converse of this proposition also is true—*viz.*, that habitual users of ardent spirits, with scarcely an exception, use also tobacco in some form.

I have now pointed out some of the causes of intemperance among the American people, and have dwelt at some length upon what I conceive to be the chief cause, one that is remediable. In the treatment of inebriates in sanitariums and institutions established for that purpose I think it would be well to recognize these facts. Any one in charge of such an institution, if he has ordinary powers of observation, can in a very short time satisfy himself whether there is more of fact or of fancy in the theory now put forth. Moral means, of course, have their place in the treatment of inebriety, as they have in the treatment of other maladies where morbid appetences and fickle minds have to be dealt with, and where patience and self-denial on the part of the patient are required. And just in proportion to the extent to which these facts are recognized will such institutions be successful. I have seen it tried, and, therefore, I know whereof I affirm; and names, dates, and facts can be given in support. On the contrary, if the principles I have indicated are ignored, and reliance for the reformation of inebriates placed on moral treatment alone, as formerly, we need not look for any greater degree of success in the future than we have had in the past. Why should we?

Music.

THE grand festival of the Northeastern Sängerbund is to be held in this city next year, and the principal features of the programme have already been published. The proceedings will open on Saturday, June 24th, with a formal reception of the visiting societies. During the festival the following concerts will be given: Sunday, June 25th, reception concert at the Academy of Music in the evening. Monday, June 26th, rehearsal for the first grand concert at the Skating Rink in the evening. Tuesday, June 26th, rehearsal for the second grand concert at the Skating Rink in the morning; matinée in the afternoon; second grand concert at the Skating Rink in the evening. Wednesday, June 27th, procession in the city and pic-nic at Jones's Wood. The musical directors will be Carl Anschutz, Carl Bergmann, and Agricol Paur.

....A preliminary programme of the Beethoven Centenary Festival, which will be held at Bonn, on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of September, has been issued. The works to be executed will comprise the Grand Mass in D, the Symphony Eroica, the Choral Symphony No. 9, the C Minor, the Choral Piano-forte Fantasia, the March and Chorus from "The Ruins of Athens," the Overtures to Leonora (No. 3), Fidelio, Coriolanus, and Egmont, the Violin Concerto (played by Joachim), a Piano-forte Concerto (Herr Halle). The chief singers will be Madame Bollengrath, of Dresden; Madame Joachim, of Berlin; Herr Vogl, tenor, from Munich; Herr Schulz, basso, of Hamburgh. The conductor will be Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne.

....The Birmingham Triennial Festival (always one of the most interesting of musical events in England) is to take place on the 30th and

Our Young Folks.

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

BY MARGARET BOURNE.

Two little sparrows sat on a tree,
Just as happy as happy could be.
They had been at the South, but now were at home,
And all the bright days of the Summer would come
To pour forth warm sunshine on field and on flower,
To moisten the earth with fresh dew and sweet shower.
The birds looked around to see which was the best
Of all the small nests they would build. The question was one
That called for good judgment. Before they begun
To gather the straws, there was many a word
Of wise consultation to be chirped by each bird.
"This place would be pleasant," perhaps they would say;
"But then that brown house just over the way
May hold a fierce cat, who would cause us alarm,
Even though she might do us no other great harm."
While the birds were thus doubting, a dear little boy
Came out of the house. In his hand was a toy—
What seemed one, at least, to the birds. Off they went,
Quite frightened to think of the cruel intent
That the child might have toward them. Judge their surprise
When, from a high tree-top, they east down their eyes,
And saw that the toy was a bandful of string,
Finer and coarser, for a nest just the thing.
He hung them with care on the bushes below,
Out in plain view, so the sparrows could go
And gather them easily. Down from the bough
The birds then came gayly, for well they knew now
That tree was the place for their nest; it was plain
Such a kind little boy would be a great gain
As a neighbor all summer. He would not do
The least bit of mischief. They busily flew
And selected a branch in a nice shady spot,
Where the air would be fresh but never too hot.
They builded the nest and laid the eggs there.
In due time they hatched; then the parents with care
Brought food to supply the dear little things
'Till Nature had strengthened the weak, tiny wings.
At last they could fly; and, one bright Autumn day,
Forsook the soft nest and all flew away.

Cold Winter soon came. The leaves on the tree
Were blown far away, so the nest one could see.
It clung to the branch, but looked desolate there;
So Willie determined to take it with care
And keep in his room, to remind him 'till Spring
Of all the delights which the Summer would bring.

At last King Winter completed his reign,
And Spring with her blossoms came to us again.
The sunshine was warm, and beautiful green
Up rose from the earth where brownness had been.
The blue-birds came first; then robins were heard
Singing their songs, so unlike any bird
But themselves. One day in the tree
Where the Summer before their nest used to be
Two sparrows appeared. Willie looked with delight;
His heart bounded gladly in seeing a sight
Which promised the pleasure of last year again.
But alas! for his hope; it all was in vain.
The nest had been taken; the birds did not dare
Risk their treasure of eggs in any place where
It might be detected. We never could tell
The new place that they chose; but it would be well
For all who love birds to remember it's best
Never to touch the last Summer's nest.

PICKLE AGAIN.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

This is the same Pickle I told you about last year. He is a little bigger and a little louder now; but, I am sorry to say, just as mischievous as ever.

That is he standing with his brother Fred on the piazza. They have just been freshly dressed, after their morning play, and look so nice and trim in their spick-and-span linen suits and smooth collars and blue ties that you would never imagine that half an hour ago they were as dirty as pigs, and two hours ahead would be just as bad as ever. But they will. Ask nurse about that. She will tell you.

They are waiting now for dinner, till which time they are forbidden to go off the piazza steps. Mamma likes to have them have plenty of fun. But, being a neat woman, she wishes to see them decent and clean at least for one hour in the day; and, being a wise woman, she devised this rule, by which alone it is made possible. The time seems dreadfully long to-day. It wants half an hour of dinner-time; and the big bees are yawning and throwing themselves about, and wishing it were over.

"Oh, dear," cries Fred, "I wish that old bell would just hurry up and ring."

"Es," replies Pickle, who hasn't quite got over his baby-lisp yet. "So do I. I want to go on making my dam."

Pickle's dam was a construction of clay erected in the track of a faucet, which let of the water from a big hogshead used to water the garden. It made a clever little stream, and Pickle, having turned it on the day, had been busy all the morning in damming it with a mud bank, and had got so much mud on his jacket and trowsers that the laundress was in despair when she saw them.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Fred, after about twelve seconds longer. "I want to let my chickens out. That old Mary is putting dinner back on purpose. It's going on two, I know."

Both boys looked very unhappy.

At this moment a sound of wheels was heard, and a small pony carriage with a top to it drove up to the door. Inside were two ladies. One of them the children knew and liked very much. She wasn't any relation really; but they all called her "Cousin Marianne."

"Well, Fred," she called out, "is Mamma at home?"

"Yes'm."

"Then please go in and tell her that Mrs. Symes, from Boston, is here, and would like to see her. No, Lizzie," she went on, "I won't get out. I'll sit and hold the pony while you make your call."

"Oh, Cousin Marianne, Cousin Marianne," screamed both the boys, as Mrs. Symes went in. "Take us a ride. Oh, do take us a ride—a little tiny ride, you know, while you're waiting."

Cousin Marianne was very good natured. "Let me see," she said. "Would your mother let you go, Pickle, do you think?"

"Course she would," declared Pickle. And in he rushed, followed by Fred.

"Mamma, Mamma, may we go a ride with Cousin Marianne? She wants us, Mamma; she asked us herself. Just a teeny-weeny ride, you know."

Mamma glanced at the clean suits. "A ha—" she said, doubtfully. "I don't know— Well—yes—you may just drive round the square, if Cousin Marianne is so kind."

"Bully! bully! bully!" shouted the boys, and out they rushed.

"Rah! rah! we may go!" they cried. "Cousin Marianne, we may go. Bully for you, Cousin Marianne."

"Well," said Cousin Marianne, "jump in, then."

Poor Cousin Marianne! Little did she know what she had invited into her carriage. "Jump in," indeed! Before you could say Jack Robinson, Fred had grabbed the whip and was on the pony's back; while Pickle, whose short legs were miraculous at climbing, had scrambled up on top of the cover of the little buggy. There he lay flat on his stomach, giving vent to a series of jubilant whoops; while Fred, occupying the middle of the pony's back, like a small postillion, whipped him to a canter. Off they dashed, and were round the corner in a twinkling.

"Boys! boys!" screamed Cousin Marianne, "you'll be killed. Get down, Pickle. Come off the pony's back, Fred. Oh, why did I ever bring them!"

In vain she tugged at the reins. The pony was too much excited to stop; and, besides, Fred, with a pair of stout boot-heels, was performing a tattoo on his sides, which quite undid the effect of the pulling.

"Fred, I order you to get off the pony," cried Cousin Marianne, in despair. "Get off this moment. He'll run away, if you go on so."

Strange to say, Fred got off; but little good did it do. Like Harlequin at the circus, he took three skips (the pony at full speed all the time), and lo! there he was on the roof of the buggy, by Pickle's side, and both boys thumping and shouting "Get up! get up!" so loudly that they went faster than ever.

Cousin Marianne sawed the bits and cried "Wo" as loud as she could. The canter was just becoming a trot, and she beginning to hope her troubles were at an end, when a flying figure appeared in the air before her eyes. It was Fred! With one jump, he passed from the roof to the pony's back. Two good cuts, an unearthly yell, and the carriage was whirling along like the wind once more; and hey-presto, skip, he was on the roof again, and a glad chorus of "Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go!" ringing in Cousin Marianne's horrified ears from above.

Round and round and round the square they went. People left their dinners and rushed out to see the remarkable sight of a buggy with four legs kicking out behind from the roof and a pair of hands waving wildly in despair underneath. Mamma and Mrs. Sternes were out on the piazza by this time. They called, and nurse called, and Cousin Marianne entreated; but not the least difference did it make. It is to be questioned whether the boys ever heard them, they were in such a frolic.

Round and round and round. Johnny came to the rescue at last. He had been at school, and got home just in time to see the buggy whirling by for the fourth time, His measures were very wisely taken for such a little chap. He let the pony alone, but made a jump exactly at the right moment, and scrambled up on the roof with the boys.

Pickle and Fred were not at all glad to see him. In fact, Fred had grown so wild that he made a cut at him with the whip, by way of "how d'y do"; but Johnny soon stopped that. The whip was secured. So was Fred. And, though Pickle kicked and pounded and called him "naughty," the pony, finding himself no longer jumped on, grew quieter, and in a few minutes Cousin Marianna was able to rein him in at the gate. She was dreadfully frightened and very pale. "Oh, boys, how could you!" she said; and "How could you!" repeated Mamma. Such little figures were never seen. Clean suits, indeed; you could hardly fancy they had ever been clean. What with hairs from the pony, dust from the buggy-top, mud from a puddle they splashed through, and creases and tears from jumping and climbing, you would not have guessed them to be the same. Mamma looked very grave, as she ordered them up-stairs to the nursery. And I am happy to say they had no dinner that day; and, which they minded a great deal more, no fireworks *at all* for the Fourth of July, which was just at hand. Think of that! Not a single cracker!

Poor Cousin Marianne! She is so fond of children that she has quite forgiven them; but she says that never again—never, as long as she lives—shall she venture to take either of them in her buggy. I am sure I don't blame her for saying so; do you?

The Sunday School.

In regard to teachers' meetings, we wish to suggest that success may mean very different things. Ten years ago a successful Sunday school was simply one that had a great number of children in attendance. In those days we had not yet gone beyond the struggle for existence, and a school was successful that existed at all. It is so yet in many places. We are told that the largest mission school in the Union is only a great school in its columns of figures; that its internal management is exceedingly poor. In regard to teachers' meetings, the great question seems yet to be to exist. Any teachers' meeting on this principle is a success. It is a success because it exists. But mark: one of the secrets of making a meeting live is to make it good. To make it thoroughly good, the superintendent or pastor must go crazy on the subject. He must lend every energy and never lose heart. It is the key to Sunday school success. We lay down this cardinal rule: *Sunday school success of the best kind is not possible without a well-attended, interesting, instructive, and, above all, devout teachers' meeting.*

....Rev. N. D. Williamsen tells in the *Sunday School Workman* of two successful teachers' meetings conducted on entirely different plans. The superintendent of one school has critical, devotional, exhaustive study of the Scripture lesson, followed by refreshments at his own expense. The superintendent of the other school has a study of the lesson and a free discussion of the state of the school and of the classes. One school (the latter, we suppose) requests the teachers to hand in written questions on any part of the school session. The other school dismisses a teacher for three absences from the teachers' meeting without good excuse.

...."Would you tell a lie for ten cents?", asked a Boston Sunday school teacher of her class of boys. "No, ma'am!" was the indignant response. "Would you tell a lie for a dollar?" "No, ma'am." "Would you tell a lie for ten dollars?" This staggered some of them. One boy thought he would. Others hesitated. But one voice rang out still with a clear note of decision "No, ma'am!" "Well, Willie," said the teacher, "why would you not tell a lie for ten dollars?" "Because, after you'd spent the money and used up the things, the lie would stick."

....Do not cover your library books. No books in public or private libraries should be covered. It does not pay, because the backs come off before they are soiled, and it destroys the physiognomy of the book. Half the pleasure of looking at a library is gone where the books are covered. If the backs stay on a book until it gets old and soiled, it is time enough to cover it then. By this process it has two youths—the one when fresh from the bookbinder, the other when you give it the new cover.

....The Minnesota State Sunday School Convention is one of the very best managed in the country. It does not rank second to any but that of Illinois, and it ranks at least equally well with New Jersey and Indiana. We are glad to see that they have determined, following Illinois, to have a mass convention next year at St. Paul. It will be one of the best ever held in the country.

....Now, while the weather is hot and the school thin, repaint, repaper, recarpet, and, if necessary, reseat your room. It is a shame to teach a dreary religion by means of a long face, and it is equally a shame to teach a dingy religion by musty walls and rusty carpets. It is a great sin to teach an uncomfortable piety by mean benches.

Pebbles.

In one of our New England towns, a few days ago, as Mrs. Livermore was waiting for a train, on the morning after a woman suffrage lecture, a tall woman, angular and spectacled, confronted her boldly: "Are you a married woman?" "Yes." "Husband living?" "Yes." "What does he do?" "Whatever he chooses." "I mean what does he do for a living?" "Whatever he chooses." "Rich?" "He wouldn't say so." "Hem! Any children?" "Yes; two girls, woman-grown." "Oh! I thought they was a family of little ones; and I thought you had better be home tending to 'em. You're mighty smart; but I wanted to ask you some questions." "Now," said Mrs. Livermore, "who are you?" The woman told her. "Are you married?" "Yes," very faintly. "Is your husband dead?" "No; I suppose he is in California. We're not divorced." "Oh! and you thought to teach me my domestic duties." There was a titter ran around the room; for the woman had not been at all private in her conversation, and the people in hearing seemed quite delighted to see her completely squelched.

....The saying that "kissing goes by favor" was nicely illustrated one morning on the steamboat wharf at Eastport. The last bell of the "Admiral" had been rung, and, just as the gang-planks were about being hauled in, the gallant Colonel (who was always a prime favorite of the ladies) was in the act of passing in his valise, when his attention was arrested by the arrival of a buxom lass, a first-rate specimen of rural beauty, who accosted him with: "Col. Favor—dear Colonel, I want to send a message by you to Boston." No galvanic shock ever operated upon a subject with greater force than the exclamation "dear Colonel" upon the susceptible expressman. "What can I do for you, my dear?" exclaims the gallant Colonel. "I want to send a sweet kiss to Jenny D——. How shall I do it?" replied the lass. "Do it?" says the ardent expressman; "why, kissing always goes by favor!" and, turning his cheek to the blooming damsel, received a perfect bonneer. A wag on board, observing the proceeding, quietly remarked: "*That* kiss went by *smack*."

....Among the *jeux d'esprit* to which the Œcumenical Council has given rise in Rome is the following new Pater Noster handed about among the Americans. Even the Pope, who enjoys a joke thoroughly, it is said, might forgive the man who uses the license of ink against him so blasphemously yet dexterously: "Our Father who art in the Vatican; infallible be Thy name; Thy temporal sovereignty come; Thy will be done in Europe and America as in Ireland. Give us this day our tithes and tithes, and forgive us our trespasses as we give plenary indulgence to those who pay penitently unto us; and lead us not into œcumenical councils, but deliver us from thinking; for Thine is the crozier, the key, and the tiara, Rome without end. Amen."

.... A young lawyer is teaching a class of young ladies in a Danbury Sunday school. On a recent Sunday, the subject of the lesson being "Deception," one of the girls read from a reference thus: "And—all—lawyers—(liars)—shall—have their portion in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone." The teacher remarked: "That is not exactly King James's version; but it is so nearly correct you can let it stand, if you please."

.... Among the Sunday school children of a certain church was a poor little fellow. He could not tell the number of the house in which he lived, and was charged when he next came to school to bring it. The next time he appeared he was asked if he brought the number. "No, sir," said he; "it was nailed on the door so tight that I couldn't get it off."

....A sick man in Boston, who noticed his little daughter looking eagerly at some fruit at his bedside, said to her: "You would not take them away from your sick papa, would you?" She replied, hesitatingly: "No, I wouldn't." And then colored up and ingenuously added: "But, papa, I tell a story when I say so." He gave her the fruit.

....A distinguished president of Harvard College was once asked by a brother clergyman how long to write a sermon. He said: "Sometimes a week; sometimes longer." "What! a week to write a sermon? I write one in a day, and make nothing of it." "Yes," replied the Doctor; "but I make something of mine."

...."My son," said a gentleman, the other morning, to a six-year old-urchin, "I wish you to go of an errand to your grandmother's house to-day." "It is impossible," was the reply. "I belong to the Highflyers and Tiger Ball Clubs; and both play a match to-day, the one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. Give me forty cents for a ball!"

....The *Christian Era* "speaks right out in meeting" upon at least one important subject: "Gabbie, even if it is called exhortation, is no more to be endured in a prayer-meeting than in a flock of geese. The so-called prayer-meeting talk should be repressed in man or woman. It neither edifies man nor honors God."

....Professor Wilson, at the session of the Sedcrunt in Toronto, said that the references which had been made to the ladies suggested to him an answer which had been given to the question, Was Eve the mother of the High Church or the Low Church? The response being Adam thought her Eve-angelical.

....A rich old uncle, who had two nephews, left his will as follows: "To my nephew William I leave my whole fortune, because I know he will bestow it on the poor. To my nephew Albert I leave nothing, *for the same reason*."

.... Jerrold said one day he would make a pun upon his friends would put to him. A friend asked him whether he could pun upon the sign of the zodiac. To which he promptly replied, "By Gemini, I Cancer."

....The heathen emblem of the snake holding its tail in its mouth has always been explained to mean Eternity. *Punch* thinks the emblem typical of Life, rather—as indicating a continual effort to make both ends meet.

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HERE is an extract from a letter received by Messrs. Drake & Co., November 2d, 1869: "Three friends met, one day in the latter part of last September, in the rotunda of the Astor House. Your correspondent was one of the three. We were all suffering from the 'national disease'—indigestion; and all agreed on one point—viz., that nothing agreed with *us*. We discussed medicines. One had tried blue pills, another the extract of dandelion, another almost every variety of purgatives. In fact, we had made apothecaries' shops of our insides; but nothing had done us any good. I said I wondered if your PLANTATION BITTERS would help us any. And some talk, we concluded to try it, and met again at the same place that day month to compare notes. We did so. It was a jovial meeting, I can tell you. We scarcely knew one another. Each had gained flesh; each reported a good appetite, sound sleep, and easy stomach, and a regular habit of body. The change was marvelous. It was agreed to report the facts to you, and I was appointed to make this communication. You can publish it if you choose, and refer all skeptics for particulars to Yours truly,

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—*Mrs. Louisa Ireland, Milliner, Lewisburg, Pa.*

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WHOLESALE COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported expressly for The Independent, by David W. Lewis, Commission Merchant, No. 62 Pearl street.

Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., is 5 per ct. Flour, Grain, etc., 2½ per cent.
Marking-plates furnished when desired.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week were 7,886 packages. There is a growing scarcity of fine Falls, and not enough arriving to supply the local summer demand. Northern County Welsh Tubs are selling at 20@21c 22 cts., but are not as much inquired for as in former seasons. Marketmen have been supplied with good Western Reserve at 26@27 cts.; but in August it comes white and poor, and there must then be a better demand for the Welsh. We quote Western Reserve at 25@27 cts., Middle and Southern Ohio at 22@24 cts., and Chicago and Northwestern Butter, some of which is good quality, at 22@27 cts. Aside from fine Fall Butter, the business is almost altogether in Western stock. We quote:

Orange County and other choice selections	32 @35
Southern & Middle-tier Counties, choice	30 @33
Northern & Welsh Tub Counties	30 @33
Western Reserve, North'n Penn. & West'n yellow	25 @27
Western Butter, mixed colors	18 @22
Common and low grades poor Butter	13 @17
Grease	12 @13

CHEESE.—Receipts for the week were 58,546 boxes. Exports for the week were 39,466 boxes. The Cable quotation is 63s. There has been good export demand, and prices are the same as last week. We quote:

N. Y. State Factories, Firsts	14 @14½
" " Seconds	12 @13
" " Private Dairies, Firsts	13 @14
" " Seconds	8 @12
Common Cheese and parcels out of order	6 @ 8
Ohio Factory Cheese	12 @13
Skimmed Cheese	4 @ 5

EGGS.—Receipts have been liberal, and prices have declined 2 and 3 cents per dozen since our last. Most of the lots arriving are losing heavily, and none except well-known brands are sold at the mark. We quote:

State and Pennsylvania, per doz	28 @31
Canada and Western	18 @21
Egg Oase, per bushel	50 @60

LIVE POULTRY is plentiful, and prices are lower. We quote:

Turkeys, per lb	20@21
Fowls, per lb	20@23
Spring Chickens, per pair	70@1 00
Ducks	75@1 00
Geese, " Western	1 50@1 75
" Jersey	2 00@2 50

DRESSED.—There is but little doing, and prices are nominal at 20@28 cents.

TALLOW sells quick at 9¼@10¼ ct.

ASHES.—The supply of Pots is large and demand light. Pearls are scarce and firm. We quote:

Pots	@ 25
Pearls	9 00

BEANS.—There has been considerable inquiry for prime lots. They are scarce and higher. We quote:

Marrows	$2 20@$2 30
Mediums	1 70@2 00
Pea	1 70@1 80
Kidneys	2 40@2 50

DRIED APPLES.—Apples are in light stock and barely enough to supply the small demand, and prices are higher. Other fruits are very dull, and prices are nominal. We quote:

Apples, State	@ 8
" sliced	@ 12
" Western	@ 7
" sliced	@ 12
" Southern	@ 6
Dried Peaches, peeled	@ 20
do. do., unpeeled, halves	@ 7
do. do., do., quarters	@ 5½
Blackberries, per lb	@ 8
Cherries, per lb	@ 20

POTATOES.—The demand is good and receipts are all taken at higher prices. We quote:

Bermudas, per bbl	$5 00@$6 00
Early Rose	2 00@2 50
Dykman	2 00@2 50
Peachblow	2 00@2 50

DAVID W. LEWIS & Co.,

PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
No. 62 Pearl street, New York.

Parties consigning first-class goods may rely upon their being

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, July 28th, 1870.

PREVOST-PARADOL.

THE suicide last week of M. Prevost-Paradol, the newly accredited minister of France to the United States, created a profound feeling in this country, and even in Europe, notwithstanding the absorbing interest of the impending war. Although enormous armies—furnished with implements of destruction, compared with which the muskets and artillery of former wars were but as the bows and arrows of antiquity or the match-locks of the middle ages—are confronting each other, ready to kill, slay, and destroy their thousands and tens of thousands; yet the death of one man, by his own hand, arrested for a moment the attention of two hemispheres. Such are the limitations of the human mind that a single tragic incident, implying mental suffering and causing private distress, addresses itself more forcibly to the imagination and sympathies than a Magenta or a Solferino, with its mountains of slain and rivers of blood. Sterne's single prisoner, notching the days of his captivity into the stick which kept the tally of his misery, appealed more strongly to the hearts of men than the knowledge of the fact that thousands like him were wearing out their wretched lives in the horrible prisons of Europe. The thought of this gentleman, who had just had a friendly welcome from public opinion in this country, and who had just been received by the head of the nation as the representative of a powerful empire, lying steeped in his own blood, shed by his own hand, might well give pause even to the hurrying and self-absorbed generation of which we are a part.

M. Lucien Anatole Prevost-Paradol would have been considered in Europe as a young man, and, even in this hasty world of ours, as only on the threshold of middle life. He was born in Paris, on the 8th of August, 1829, and consequently had not quite completed his fortieth year. He had had, however, a larger share of celebrity and success than often falls to the lot of men no older than he, in the more crowded communities of Europe. He distinguished himself at college, and received the prize of eloquence offered by the French Academy for an Essay on Bernardin de St. Pierre, and at twenty-six was made professor of French literature in the college at Aix. This provincial sphere, however, was too narrow for his young ambition; and the next year found him in Paris, and plunged in the absorbing duties of metropolitan journalism. This was the main business of his life, though he varied his occupation by excursions into the regions of literature and political philosophy. He was employed at different times on the *Journal des Débats*, *La Presse*, and *Le Courrier du Dimanche*. Coming forward into life after the *coup d'état* had given the *coup de grace* to French liberty, he naturally took the popular side, and arrayed himself against the Nephew of his Uncle and his crimes; and he had his share of the imperial rewards bestowed on such malignants. His diatribes in the *Courrier du Dimanche* caused the prosecution of that hebdomadal, and those of his pamphlet on "*les anciens partis*" (the former parties of France) procured for himself an imprisonment for a month and a fine of a thousand francs.

He did not confine his brilliant and polished pen, however, to the daily or weekly discussions of the press. He claimed and maintained an honorable position in polite letters. His historical sketch entitled "Elizabeth et Henri IV, 1595—1598" gives a very lively and picturesque description of the history of the latter years of the sixteenth century, and especially of Elizabeth and her tergiversations, with which Motley and Froude have dealt more at large. His two series of essays, or political letters, entitled "*Quelques pages d'histoire contemporaine*," are full of satiric point and keen analysis of events and characters. His work on the New France ("*la France Nouvelle*") has reached four or five editions, and is a work of much breadth of thought and political wisdom. The chapter on the signs of national decay ("*les signes de la decadence d'un peuple*") contains lessons which other nations besides France may well lay to heart. The last chapter on the future ("*de l'avenir*") contemplates the very existing state of things in Europe—the chances of war and peace, the deplorable consequences to France of a defeat by Prussia, and the little to be gained by victory. It may very possibly be quoted hereafter as prophetic of events now near at hand. In the year 1865, when only thirty-five years of age, he received the crown of French literary ambition, by his election to the French Academy, and had the envied privilege of writing "*de l'Academie*" after his name in his title-pages. If we remember right, he was an unsuccessful candidate even earlier than this; but then few men have been numbered among the immortals so young as he. He was one of the few Frenchmen who had perfectly mastered the English language. He lectured in English at Edinburgh, and wrote a series of letters to the *Times* on the political state of France.

M. Prevost-Paradol was an Orleanist in his political opinions for the chief of his career, and he is said to have been a personal friend of the Duc d'Aumale, though several years younger than that accomplished prince. Whether deceived by the phantom of parliamentary government which Bonaparte and Ollivier had conjured up last winter to entrap the French nation again, or misled by his own ambition to take an active part in public affairs, from which his previous opinions had excluded him, he showed signs of reconciliation with the Empire. Other Orleanists had done the same thing, making a pretext of the concession of responsible government, to escape out of a position which seemed one of eternal exile from power and place. The post of minister to Washington was offered to him—a brilliant prize for a man who had never been in public life, he having failed in an attempted election for Paris in 1863. His path was not altogether one of roses. The old Imperialists thought that this eleventh-hour man was rewarded for services which they had rendered. On the other hand, the Orleanists and the Liberal party looked upon him as a renegade and an apostate. These feelings were unquestionably made very manifest to the new *diplomate*. His temperament, nervously sensitive, acted upon a brain overtasked and kept at its highest tension for years. Then supervened the very crisis which he had foreseen in the affairs of his country, and of which he had described the possible results. He found himself put, for the first time in his life, in a post of national responsibility. He saw that the times were about to be out of joint, and he might not unnaturally curse the spite that he was born to set them right. The intense heat may have helped to increase the seething of his brain. The pulling of a trigger and "whiff of gunpowder" would cure all his troubles. Perhaps it was insanity; perhaps it was not. We will hope that he was not responsible for his act; and that it was a calamity, and not a crime. For, whatever may be thought of the conduct of M. Prevost-Paradol in France, Americans should never forget that he was one of their most steadfast friends in the days of their national extremity.

THE NEWEST TYRANNY.

IT is a melancholy fact that the instinct of tyranny is inherent in our fallen human nature. The desire of governing, of controlling the lives and occupations of other people, is strong in unregenerate man, and is only to be overcome either by grace or civilization. Out of this passion hath proceeded all the tyrannies which have afflicted mankind and which still afflict it; and the function of free constitutional government is to control this passion and guard against its excesses by making the inhabitants at once governors and governed. Now tyrannies are not limited to the rule of a single despot or of a compact aristocracy. The tyranny of a mob is proverbially the worst of all; and when a multitude league themselves together to compel others to do as they direct, they have all the incidents and mischiefs of any other tyranny to the extent of their power. The heathen poet, in one of the noblest lyrics in literature, makes the just and resolute man—"*justum et tenacem propositi virum*"—defy the popular wickedness—"*civium ardor prava jubentium*"—as well as the frown of the threatening tyrant—"*vultus instantis tyranni.*" And Christianity confirms the truth of what the light of Nature had revealed.

It is the first of these forms of tyranny—that of a multitude commanding wicked or foolish actions—that the Christian intelligence and the enlightened civilization of the American people has now to contend with. It is a curious tendency of human beings—especially the least enlightened of them—to put themselves into the power of other human beings. Thus grew up all the royal dynasties and hereditary prescriptions which have ever existed. Now, if there seemed to be anything that the advance of civilization and popular government had won for the laboring masses, it was the right of every man to sell his labor and his time in the best market—to work just as many hours for just such wages as he could agree upon for himself with his employer. In the middle ages the government interfered between the employer and employed, and undertook to regulate wages, hours of labor, apprenticeships, and all that relates to the great underlying foundation of production and manufacturers. Their signal failure had taught both classes, it had been hoped, a more excellent way. A free-born Briton and a free and enlightened American were thought much more competent to adjust all these arrangements than any king, parliament, or legislature. And as soon as this principle of political economy, under which both countries had grown up to their great prosperity, had become well established, the laborers were persuaded to surrender their free-will and independence into the hands of a handful of men unknown to the law and virtually irresponsible, who were to tell them for what wages they are to work, for how many hours, with what fellow-operatives, and how many youth they shall teach their handicrafts.

These combinations, in the shape in which they exist in England and this country, rest on ignorance of the everlasting laws of political economy and of moral science. They are purely selfish; attempt things which cannot be done, or which would be only evil were they possible. The attempt of labor to coerce capital is just as wrongful as an attempt of capital to oppress labor. Both attempts must fail; only capital has the advantage of being able to wait, and also to shift its operations into other fields. In England the effect of the trades' unions has been to impoverish the operatives and to drive away some important branches of business. The effect of our own in this country has been similar in kind, though not quite so seriously damaging. These *imperia in imperio* have all the characteristics of the old tyrannies. The subject is not his own master. He receives orders from above, affecting his most vital interests, which he must obey or be subjected to moral if not physical punishment. In England persecution by the destruction of tools, the murder of men, the blowing up of houses has been carried to such a hight that a reaction has set in, and there is hope that a revolution may yet restore the operatives to the control of their own labor. The same violences have not yet been reached in this country, though there is no lack of bloody threats and even of an armed attack on society in general! But such bloody instructions, if attempted, would only return to plague the inventors, and society is entirely competent to protect itself.

Again, all these attempts to regulate hours and terms of labor, and especially to compel the employer to pay the unskilled operative the same wages as the intelligent and skillful, all directly tend to create a protetary class. Instead of elevating the workman, they condemn him, and his children after him, as far as these associations are successful, to remain in their present estate forever. Could their theories be carried out, there would be no more Henry Wilsons and William D. Kelleys in Congress, risen from the ranks of labor; no more *millionaires* who began their career on the work-bench. The country is full of prosperous men who have risen from the various departments of labor, who would never have had the chance of their success had they been subjected to the philosophy of the trades' unions. For what is capital? It is only the accumulation of the savings of labor. What is its *genesis*? A workman was intelligent, industrious, skillful, and thrifty. He earned more than he spent; and the saving was capital, which he increased by the use of the same qualities. Hence the difference among men. If he had been forbidden to receive more wages for his skill than the average of the unskilled, and if he had been forbidden to work as many hours as he pleased, and to stand idle whenever a central directory commanded him, he would have lived and died a day-laborer, and his children would have inherited nothing from him but the same condition. They are no friends to the laboring man who would take the control of his time and his toil out of his own hands. They would establish, could they succeed, a system of castes of artisans, with a class of hereditary capitalists over them. Fortunately, they cannot prevail against the laws of God, which regulate the necessary relations of society as unerringly as those of the material universe.

It is in the light of these truths that the experiment of Mr. Sampson at North Adams will be watched with intelligent interest. It was no question of wages, as we understand it, that was at issue between him and his men. It was whether his business was to be controlled by the will and pleasure of a distant committee, and his success or failure in it put at the mercy of this new Council of Ten. His employment of the Chinese was a lawful and manly protest against this irresponsible tyranny. Of his perfect right to employ them we spoke in our last number. All the best part of the community will sustain him in his action. Every man that employs labor or uses manufactures has a vital interest in the settlement of this question. And when the American people undertake its settlement, it will be resolved in the interests of the largest individual liberty of the capitalist, of the operative, and of society.

LAWMAKERS AND PICK-POCKETS.

THE great Judge Story, in an essay to be found among his Miscellaneous Writings, has called attention to the fact that the progress made in juridical science during the past two centuries has been quite as wonderful as that accomplished in physical science; and, though less perceptible to the common eye, "has quite as much contributed to the improvement of the human race, and to the development and security of their most important rights and interests." For ourselves, we cannot see why an important advance in astronomy or chemistry should be chronicled and blazoned in all the newspapers, and yet comparative silence be kept on a far more important advance in the development of law, since "all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

A decision has been recently made by the Supreme Court of Michigan which deeply interests the legal profession all over the nation, and which still more deeply concerns every citizen, whether of that profession or not. It is a decision which at once makes an epoch in legal science and creates a new protection for private rights. As this is an event which affects every taxpayer in the land, we propose to give a brief account of it; and we shall do so in language not at all technical.

The decision to which we refer is but the culmination of a controversy which has been going on for many years, and which has arisen from the popular ambition to build railroads, even though not having the money to do it with. The ingenuity of financiers and speculators has been tortured for the purpose of devising some art of making this kind of bricks without this kind of straw. The expedient which has best answered the purpose has been for a private company to offer to build a railroad on condition that the towns along the proposed route would be so kind as to tax themselves to pay for it.

Now, have the towns the right to do this? Nay, is it constitutional for the legislature to pass a law permitting the towns to do this? That is the question. The history of this question in the state and national courts is a very curious one.

We hope it will not seem too much of a bull for us to say that this question concerning railroad aid takes its rise historically from a discussion concerning a canal. In New York, at an early day, it was decided that the city of Utica might be taxed to refund to individuals the sums subscribed by them to secure the conjunction of the Chenango Canal with the Erie at Utica, instead of another point, as had been contemplated. In Pennsylvania, it was held that the shiretown of the county might be compelled to pay more than its proportion toward the erection of county buildings, on the ground of special local benefit. In Massachusetts, the town of Amherst was allowed to tax itself in a large sum to secure the location of the State Agricultural College at that place.

In each of these cases the improvement to be aided was owned by the public; but it seems to have been assumed that the same right of taxation would have existed had the improvement been owned by individuals or by a private corporation. Yet upon just this distinction the whole question turns. Several cases afterward were decided in which no distinction of this kind is suggested. But the first elaborate examination of the question was had in a Pennsylvania case, when ex-Attorney-General Black (the eulogist of Senator Wilson) was chief-justice of that state. The opinion which he delivered on the case has been a leading one, and is referred to in all the subsequent cases. Three of the five judges, including the chief-justice, sustained a tax which had been levied upon a city for the benefit of a railroad corporation, upon the ground that the power of the legislature to select the objects of taxation was unlimited, and the courts could not inquire into its proper exercise. This decision was followed in Ohio, New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, Alabama, California, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Indiana, Florida, South Carolina, and Connecticut; and by the Supreme Court of the United States, though frequently by a divided court.

Thus it will be seen that for many years the decisions of our courts, following the lead of Pennsylvania, all ran one way. "The gravest and learnedest courts in this country," says Emerson, "shudder to face a new question, and will wait months and years for a case to occur that can be tortured into a precedent, and thus throw on a bolder party the *onus* of an initiative." Had no stay been put to this proceeding, we should have had fastened upon us, under the solemn sanction of the law, the most aggravating species of despotism. All these decisions mean that, where the Constitution does not interpose by an express prohibition, there are no limits to the legislative power of taxation. In other words, the legislature may authorize the tax-collector to put his hand into the pocket of A and take thence money, which he is to hand over to B and C. That is, except where there may be a specific constitutional denial of it, legislators are at perfect liberty to become pickpockets.

Against this despicable and despotic theory, into which so many courts have been drawn, apparently for no better reason than that for which the sheep follow their bell-wether, a stand has at last been made; and we may now expect, before many years, to see all these absurd decisions reversed, and the law settled on a solid basis of justice and common sense. About two years ago, Mr. Justice Cooley, of Michigan, published an important "Treatise on the Constitutional Limitations which rest upon the Legislative Power of the States of the American Union"; a work containing so many impressive practical doctrines of public policy and rectitude that, contrary to our custom in the case of technical law-books, we gave it an extended review in these columns. In chapter xiv of that work the author dealt with "the power of taxation," and very luminously and forcibly combatted the doctrine that he legislature could permit taxation for any other than public purposes. Recently, also, the supreme courts of New York and Wisconsin have taken the same view. Governor Haight, of California, has lately written a very able paper on the same side of the question. But by far the ablest and most complete examination of the subject has been made by the Supreme Court of Michigan, whose decision, given but a few weeks since, may fairly be said to establish the law for all time to come. The judges declared that, whether with or without any express prohibition in the Constitution, to legalize the exaction of money from one individual in order to pay it to another individual was not legislation at all, but arbitrary exaction and plunder, and consequently was not within any grant of legislative power made by the Constitution, and was therefore void on general principles.

For a proper exposition of their doctrine we must refer our readers to the decisions themselves. Those given by Judge Christiancy and by Chief-Justice Campbell are able; but the opinion of Judge Cooley was by far the most searching and elaborate. Here he is on favorite ground. Indeed, of his opinion we may without extravagance use the words which we have seen applied to it by one of the most eminent of American lawyers: "It is a monument of itself. It must ever stand as a landmark in the wilderness of idle talk with which this field of jurisprudence has been encumbered."

We congratulate the country on the clear distinction which has now been established between legitimate taxation and legalized larceny from the person.

MODERN PREACHING AND MODERN CULTURE.

How far has the pulpit of to-day lost its hold upon the respect and even the notice of the most cultivated minds? Surely no very precise answer can be given to this question; and yet he must be both deaf and blind who does not know that between these two runs a chasm wider than ever before. The most influential literature of this country and of Europe alludes to the pulpit with a clear undertone of dissatisfaction and contempt. "Alas!" said the Prince of Conti, long ago, after listening to the leading English preachers, "our good God is but very ill-served for his money." The sarcastic dictum of the Prince has now become the familiar opinion of the philosopher, the poet, the editor, and the scholar. An accomplished writer in the *London Spectator*, three or four years ago, in an article giving his reasons for not going to church, stated, with alarming candor, the prevalent indictment of cultivated men against the makers of sermons. A year or two later, in the *North American Review*, Charles Eliot Norton, speaking for the class of scholars and thinkers, among whom he is to be ranked, "and to whom the fit expression of religious thought and sentiment seems one of the highest and most difficult of intellectual efforts," declared that "the perfunctory manner and loose thinking common to the pulpit are scarcely tolerable." "There is no longer any sarcasm," he adds, "in the use of the term 'pulpit argument' as synonymous with unsound reasoning, and 'pulpit rhetoric' as the designation of a feeble and stilted style." Perhaps the wittiest and the severest thing that has been said of the pulpit in our time was uttered by Wendell Phillips, when he declared that the preachers of Boston did not often tempt the brains of their hearers to violate that portion of the Decalogue which forbids the doing of "any work on the Sabbath day."

The foregoing, though an inadequate statement, is not an unfounded or an unfair one of the wide and ever-widening breach between modern preaching and modern culture. The subject is altogether too large and complex to be properly dealt with even in a dozen articles; but there are some aspects of it which may be here profitably considered.

Perhaps the most important remark that can be made upon it is one which can be expressed in a single sentence: The loud complaints made by modern culture against modern preaching must not lead us to the conclusion that modern preaching is, on the whole, inferior to the preaching of any former age of the church. Take the world over, there is to-day more ability of every kind in the pulpit than ever before. No! The performance has not been lowered in power or quality; but the public requirement has been raised.

The demand now made upon preachers as to sustained merit in thought, diction, and elocution is higher, more exacting, and more merciless than was ever hitherto made, not only upon the ministry, but upon any other intellectual profession. It is all very fine for such men as Mr. Norton, with all the leisure which wealth can give, able to enrich their minds with libraries, art-galleries, and the best conversation at home and abroad, to sit down once in three or four years, when all the stars favor, and produce an elaborate review article, which shall be superior in thought and style to the majority of sermons. Let him, however, for a few years be put into the clerical harness, and take charge of a large parish, and meet all the countless claims upon his time and energy which the public now makes upon the ministry, and be required to produce two elaborate review articles for the pulpit twice each week for ten months in the year, and possibly he would learn something which might just a little soften the asperity of his regard for "pulpit argument" and "pulpit rhetoric."

In short, recognizing, as we must, the unsatisfactory relations which subsist between the preachers and the men of high culture, we still insist that it is both illogical and unjust wholly to blame the preachers for it—unless, indeed, they are worthy of blame for being persons of mortal limitations.

Polished and profound literary productions cannot be wrought, year out and year in, at the rate of two a week. Moreover, we are to remember that much of what we call commonplace in sermons is so from the fact that, in this age of diffused knowledge and cheap books, the best thought of the world is becoming common. Finally, we are not to forget that a great deal of the dissatisfaction expressed by educated men with the manner and matter of modern preaching is only one form in which the revolt of the age against all theology, and indeed against all preaching whatsoever, whether good or bad, finds vent for itself. It is not the sermon, it is Christianity which is objected to. That this is the case is explicitly admitted by the writer in the *Spectator* of whom we have spoken. "About the sermon," he says, "I am about to state honestly what I believe thousands of men feel secretly. I dislike good sermons just as much as bad. It is not the length, or the feebleness, or the mannerism of the speech which annoys me, as it seems to annoy most men who write about sermons; but the speech itself. I do not want to be lectured, even by a great lecturer. I object to *the usual basis of the very best sermon ever delivered in a Christian church!*"

It is only fair, then, to a great and most laborious and devoted profession, to indicate where the trouble really lies. A great many cultivated people at present do not like to hear preaching. Why? Partly, no doubt, because they already know more than most ministers do, and they can learn nothing by listening. Partly, also, because the sermons are badly constructed, and conveyed in a rhetoric which is "feeble and stilted." But chiefly, we think, because much of the cultivated mind of this age has become alienated from the old faith, and is throwing itself forth, this way and that, in an agony of bewilderment, baffled energy, and discontent. In this state of things the preacher is made the scapegoat. His faults are harped upon as a rather safer way of finding fault with the religious system under whose sanction he speaks.

So far as preaching can be made more thoughtful, learned, eloquent, cordial, persuasive, it is the duty of the preachers to make it so. It is none the less our duty to say that, if every preacher of this age could preach like Paul, preaching would continue to be an impertinence and a bore to those whose minds have swung away from that system of belief which constitutes the basis of all Christian preaching, good or bad.

A PLATFORM OF FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

THERE is to be a most important meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio, in October next, called a National Congress for the Consideration of Penitentiary and Reformatory Discipline.

It will not be strictly national, because papers are to be contributed from England, France, Italy, Prussia, Denmark, and Canada.

Men, and women too, who have the authority which comes from experience to speak on these great questions, are to give *resumés* of what has been done, and to explain at length the best theories of what ought to be done, with that great body of our fellow-beings whom we call "criminals," and find it needful and right to shut up in prisons.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this work; it is perhaps impossible fully to realize it. Only divine comprehension and divine love and divine patience can know and devise and bear all that is involved in the true idea of reformatory punishment; but only in so far as we approach the divine comprehension, love and patience are we fit to punish. The oft-quoted maxim that punishment is to be inflicted for the protection of society is shallow and selfish by the side of the higher motive which proposes first the reform and salvation of the offender for his soul's sake, and second the saving of the world from the possible inconvenience of his continued crime.

The committee of arrangements of this national congress have prepared a paper called "A Platform of Prison Discipline."

It is a most remarkable paper, containing forty-one propositions, beginning with this statement: "Crime is an intentional violation of duties imposed by law. Criminals are persons convicted of crime by competent courts. Punishment is suffering inflicted on the criminal with a special view to prevent his relapse, by reformation"; and closing with this: "As a principle that crowns all, and is essential to all, it is our conviction that no prison system can be perfect, or even successful to the most desirable degree, without some central authority to sit at the helm, guiding, controlling, unifying, and vitalizing the whole. We ardently hope yet to see all the departments of our preventive, reformatory, and penal institutions in each state moulded into one harmonious and effective system; its parts mutually answering to and supporting each other; and the whole animated by the same spirit, aiming at the same objects, and subject to the same control, yet without loss of the advantages of voluntary aid and effort wherever they are attainable."

As we read over one after another of these propositions, we are greatly impressed with their excellence and wisdom; but we are more and more impressed with their applicability to children as well as to criminals, to families as well as to prisons.

If children were governed from their first days on the principles laid down in these forty-one propositions, we should have no criminals. If families were ordered as this "platform" proposes to order prisons, prisons would be done away with in a generation. How much better to begin earlier? to prevent than to cure? Why cannot we have a national congress on discipline of children, which shall publish a "Platform of Family Discipline," embodying the best thoughts and suggestions of the wisest and most earnest fathers and mothers and teachers in the land? We believe that such a movement as this, rightly and effectively carried out, would be a greater blessing than words can state or fancy conceive. There is concerted action, common interchange of knowledge and experience, on almost every other subject under the sun, from agricultural societies and cattle-shows, with their prize cabbages and cattle, up to scientific academies, with their honors for formulas and eclipse reckonings. But children are reared on as many different plans as there are fathers and mothers. Not only is there no acknowledged authority; there is not the slightest reverence in anybody's mind for any authority in the matter. Nothing is commoner than to hear shallow-minded girls of twenty, handling their first baby with no more care than a few months before they handled their dolls, say: "Oh, I don't believe in any of those notions. At any rate, everybody must bring up their own children on their own plan." Seeing the results in the mortality tables of cities, and in the lists of insane asylums and state-prisons, of everybody's bringing up their children on "their own plan," one is often tempted to wish for a trial of Plato's plan of having children brought up in public nurseries, officered and supported by the state. Of course, reckless and unthinking mothers and fathers would not be reached nor bettered by the results of any such congress as we propose—not even if its platform of discipline were printed and circulated in every county and village. Nothing can reach the reckless and unthinking. God forgive them, and help the poor children who are born to them. But there are thousands and tens of thousands of parents who make shipwreck of their children's souls or bodies, or both, simply from ignorance—simply because they are wedded to old forms of error, old prejudices and superstitions of routine, which their parents and their grandparents held before them, and from which no new gospel of light has set them free.

Who does not believe, for instance, that, if such a congress as we speak of were to give emphatic and detailed reiteration of the opinions of the best medical authorities as to the injurious effect of even little blows—"light whippings" as they are called—on the nervous systems of children; and, still more, the belief of many of the wisest and most earnest men and women of the day that the possible injury to the body is of small account by side of the certain injury to the character—who does not believe that such published statements as these might banish the cruel and debasing rod from many households where it is now used by weeping and distressed mothers who honestly believe it is the only way, if into every house in the land could go this sentence, which was the close of an eloquent article by M. D. Conway: "Oh, how melancholy that the age which has learned that even its horse is better trained without a blow should still whip its children!" Would not the satire and the pathos and the truth of it rouse in parental hearts sudden echoes, which would never cease until the law had been written in their lives?

In the fifth proposition of the "Platform of Prison Discipline" we read: "Hope, being a more potent agent than fear, should be made an ever-present force in the minds of prisoners." In the fourteenth: "No system can hope to succeed which does not secure such a harmony of wills that the prisoner shall choose for himself what his officer chooses for him. But to this end the officer must really choose the good of the prisoner." And in the sixteenth: "The prisoner's self-respect should be cultivated to the utmost, and every effort made to give him back his manhood. There is no greater mistake in the whole compass of prison discipline than its studied imposition of degradation as a part of punishment. Such degradation destroys every better impulse and aspiration. It is trampling where we ought to raise; and is, therefore, as unchristian in principle as it is unwise in policy."

Who that has observed and suffered with little children under the hap-hazard penalties and prohibitions and humiliations of average family government can read these paragraphs without an intense realization of the greater need of inculcating such principles in homes than in prisons?

The twenty-fifth proposition is as follows: "Preventive institutions, such as public nurseries, truant homes, industrial schools, etc., for the reception of children not yet criminal, but in danger of becoming so, constitute the true field of promise in which to labor for the repression of crime." "Children not yet criminal, but in danger of becoming so," stand round the knee of every mother to-day; and homes, if they are what they should be, will be all the "preventive institutions" that we need.

A NEED IN POPULAR EDUCATION.

THE system of popular education of the present day over a great part of our country is, doubtless, in its general results, very successful. And when we say that an educational system is successful, we mean that it develops the talent of the young whom it reaches in such a way as to fit them for the positions in life which they were intended to fill. A system may be well regulated as to its finance and its superintendence; it may bring under its influence a very large proportion of the young; it may even secure the services of trained and able teachers, and still not be successful in the above sense. It may develop the mind; and yet, if the development is of such a kind as to unfit that mind for its legitimate sphere of action and usefulness, the scheme is a failure.

Now, just in this light we see the need of which we would speak—namely, a greater flexibility in courses of study and methods of teaching. Educational systems seem almost oblivious of the fact that what will develop one mind will cramp and dwarf another. The climate most favorable to the growth of apples is quite fatal to oranges; the cultivation that secures the finest dahlias would fail with roses.

Looking, first, at the more advanced course of study, as adopted in our colleges and graduating schools for both sexes, we find them rigid in the extreme. The same amount of mathematics, the same amount of Latin and Greek, the same amount of natural sciences is required of each pupil. But it must be plain to all that no man or woman can become an adept in all these. No man can be a superior linguist, a profound mathematician, and a thoroughly versed natural scientist. There are comparatively few mortals of so versatile minds as to be able to succeed, not to say excel, in many things. Most men are fitted for a definite department in life; and the great requisite for their success is to find their place. Now, it seems to us that under the present system many men are rendered unfit for their proper places, and many more fail to receive that special development which would prepare them for their legitimate work. If this is so, it is clearly an evil; let us see, then, whether it is so or not.

Here is a young man whose natural tendency is to mathematics. During three years of preparatory study and four years in college he is required to devote as much time to the classics as to mathematics. He is proverbially dull in Latin and duller in Greek. These languages have no attraction for him; and, as he has no enthusiasm in their study, he gains little or no advantage from their pursuit. In like manner, much of his time is required to be given to the sciences. He has a mathematical mind; mathematics are his delight, the sphere in which he is able to shine, to make his mark. In the classics and sciences he is and always will be a plodder; in mathematics he is and always will be a genius. Now, will not this young man acquire the fullest development; will he not make the most possible of his innate talents; will he not, in short, become the best man, intellectually, that it is possible for him to become if he makes mathematics his specialty, and uses languages and sciences only so far as they can subserve this end? Will not greater execution be done by one six-hundred pounder, well loaded and skillfully fired, than by many small pieces, half loaded and discharged at random? And yet this man is prevented from developing his individuality by two obstacles: first, inadequacy in the course of study and mode of instruction; second, a vicious public sentiment, which despises a man who fails to make a fair show in *all* the studies of a prescribed curriculum.

We do not require a rosebush to produce lilies, and peonies, and narcissus, and myrtle, and mignonnette. We do not expect it to bear even prairie and June and moss roses. Nor do we look for white, yellow, and damask roses on the same bush. All that we anticipate or ask for is that a rosebush shall produce perfect flowers of its own genus and species and color. So of men. We ought not to ask of education that it shall make a man proficient in everything. We should be content with a systematic and full development of those faculties which Nature has given in the germ. From this standpoint, then, it seems clear that a vast improvement would be made in our educational system were greater liberty of choice allowed. We do not mean by this that the choice should be left to any great extent in the hands of the pupil himself. Selections should be made for him by parents and teachers who have studied his talents and capabilities, and have learned in what direction or directions he is capable of development. The young man or woman who loathes languages and loves mathematics should not be fed with like quantities of each. And so through the whole range of studies.

Now, when we carry this view down to primary and grammar schools of the class known as "graded schools," we will find that our objection to forced training still holds, though not in its full force. There are certain things which every child should—nay, must—learn, whether he have a taste for them or not. Reading, spelling, penmanship, geography, arithmetic, grammar—these and some others are essential to every boy and girl. So far, then, the thorough system—we may almost say the rigidity—of our graded schools works well. It secures a uniformity which is not only convenient, but beneficial. Yet even here begins that attempt at forced development which we deprecate. And, if any objection ought to be urged against a system which in its general results is almost above praise, this seems to be that only objection.

In saying these things, we do not lose sight of the fact that many of our colleges have "university or general courses" of study, as well as "voluntaries"; and that our theological seminary even (Andover) has felt the need, and introduced a special course. We are aware, too, that schools for training in special directions have been organized in connection with several colleges—as Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, and Columbia. These movements are encouraging. But they do not touch the general and undeniable fact that existing courses of study and modes of instruction are in many cases so rigid as to fail of developing those peculiarities of inborn talent which every man has, and which often rust into nothingness for sheer want of timely and adequate culture.

We think, therefore, that one important element in the solution of the great problem of popular education is such an arrangement of studies, and such methods of teaching and discipline, as will develop that in each boy's and girl's, each man's and woman's physical, intellectual, and moral nature which is most salient; as will fit each for that sphere in life which he is intended and by nature adapted to fill; and thus produce the most useful men and women.

CHRIST IN THE ALMSHOUSE.

OF mission work where it will help denominationalism we have a great deal. It takes only a low order of piety to plant a church that will strengthen a sect. But to visit criminals and paupers with no sign of an ecclesiastical harvest-time—alas! we have not much of this sort of Christian believing and living. We do dearly love to increase statistical columns. But there is little of that faith that believes in the "friends" of whom the Christ spoke, that shall receive into everlasting habitations when we fall on earth. It is so hard to think of a poor, helpless, and hopeless pauper as an angel. Ruskin says that imagination has something to do with charity. Perhaps, after all, if Dives could only have imagined poor, filthy, sorrow-stricken, man-forsaken, dog-befriended Lazarus—if he could only have conceived of him as borne of angels to the restful bosom of Father Abraham, he might have given him something better to eat than the crumbs. Doubtless, if our faith were vivid enough to see Christ himself in the person of every haggard human hulk, we should have no difficulty in bringing ourselves to labor in the almshouse. But how much of what is called Christian work is mere party work—is the mere strife for our side, our sect, our church! We would not on any account discourage that sort of work that incidentally builds up a denomination. It is not in our hearts to throw a straw in the way of any form of beneficence; it surely is not in our hearts to utter a single needless complaint against Christian people. But we only wish to point out the fact that our neglect of almshouse and prison work bears a fearful testimony against us. It reveals the fact that so much of our zeal is purely ecclesiastical, so little of it really Christian. For be sure that he who seeks only the glorification of an organization—a sect, a party, a church—has his reward. But the reward cannot be nobler than the seeking.

There is an almshouse in almost every county in the United States. In some states there is one in every town. From a careful observation, we feel safe in saying that not one in fifty of these is regularly visited by Christian people. Tall steeples on churches, with stained glass, rise up in sight of some of these; worshipers crowd the aisles; thousands are given for far-off benevolences, as they should be; and yet not one of these people, who think themselves treading in the very foot-prints of the blessed feet, ever step over the threshold where Christ's poor live and languish and die, neglected and not unfrequently abused.

In these "poor-houses," as they are called, old women are denied the comfort of a cheap cup of tea, lest pauperism should become attractive or taxes burdensome. In these places unstained but poor and simple young girls are often thrust into the same rooms with hardened prostitutes. Here the county keeps a free school for vice, and there is no voice to protest. Here often insane people are shamefully abused by those who are employed to keep them. Idiots, instead of the instruction which they are capable of receiving, get kicks and cuffs; and idiot girls and women are generally subjected to worse outrages. We write what we have known. We dare not write the half we know.

As a protection against the frequent oppressions of ignorant tyrants, these places need visitation. That little needed deliberacies may be given to the sick; that their unbearable lonesomeness may be relieved; that those who can read may have books, papers, and magazines, to help them through the long days; and, above all, that the sweet truths of the religion of Jesus may comfort the broken and despairing hearts, these almshouses sorely need Christian visitation.

In Chicago, the city of mission Sunday schools, the county hospital had never received any religious visitation until a little more than two years ago—and then the visitation was begun by students from Evanston; and this under the very shadow of one of the most celebrated of Young Men's Christian Associations. And the county poorhouse, with from three to seven hundred inmates, had never had any Christian visitation until the same students and some Christian ladies began it. In Brooklyn, the City of Churches, neither city nor county hospitals are included in any plan of Christian labor, so far as we can find. In the almshouse there is a Catholic and an Episcopal mission. But to Brooklyn and to other cities Christ may say: "You have called me Lord! Lord! with steeples and stained glass; but you saw me sick in the hospitals, and gave not even a word of sympathy."

We know Christian women, and men, too, whose greatest joy is to spend their Sabbath hours among these hopeless ones, who have stranded in their voyage on these almshouse sands. We must not name them. Their names are written in Heaven, and He that seeth in secret shall reward them openly. We heard recently of a Christian young woman who taught a class of large boys, or young men; and every Sunday she read the Bible in the poorhouse. When she left the place, her boys, who loved her example, went by turns to fill her place in the almshouse, though most of them were not churchmembers.

Christ is in the almshouse, in the hospital; we do not hesitate to say, also, in the jail. He is in rags, in insane cells, in felon's fetters. You, men and women, who call yourselves lovers of Christ, and who yet love most your own ease, we remind you that the Christ waiteth for you. You can pour the sweet and costly ointment on his head at any time, for you have the poor always with you. But you will not. You will one day go up to him in full assurance, and remind him that you called him Lord, that you were baptized in his name, that you paid your pew-rent and cast into the missionary treasury, and even cast out devils in the name of Christ; but what and if he disclaim the acquaintance, because you have seen him poor and old and sick and in sorrow, and "ye visited me not"?

Editorial Notes.

DEAN STANLEY, to whom not only the English Church, but Christendom, owes a large debt, and who is alike remarkable for his learning, his genius, and his world-wide catholicity of spirit, has just set the English public in a hubbub by a most characteristic act. He invited the commission for the translation of the Scriptures to a communion in Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey; and there in that ancient chapel, by the tomb of Edward VI, knelt bishops in lawn alongside Presbyterians of the Scotch State Church, and Presbyterians of the Free Church, and Independents, and Methodists, and Baptists, and one Unitarian! And side by side, forgetful of party creeds and party bitterness, they ate the emblematic bread and wine. And High Churchmen groaned when they heard it, and wrote letters to his grace the Primate of Canterbury, and petitioned the Convocation. The discussions in Convocation indicated in general a liberal feeling among the bishops. But the High Churchmen—bishops, priests, and laymen—are shocked that Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists—men who have never received the Holy Ghost by confirmation—should commune with bishops.

thaniel Barton, of Hartford; Cyrus D. Foss; and William Antliff, of England. LL.D.: Gen. E. R. S. Canby.

....KENYON COLLEGE, Gambier, O. Commencement June 30th. Graduates 12. Theological graduates 3. D.D.: Mr. Wainwright; H. D. Lathrop, of San Francisco; and E. T. Perkins, of Louisville, Ky.

Religious Intelligence.

FROM a tract published by the English Liberation Society, a society whose office is to labor for the separation of church from state, we learn that the annual incomes of the bishoprics of England vary from $75,000 in the case of the Archbishop of Canterbury to $20,000, and in one case to $10,000; and that in the aggregate they amount to $786,300. The Cathedral of Durham enjoys an income of $289,008, and 27 others bring the total amount to $1,505,025, of which half is spent on the canons and deans. These officials have no especial duties. The present Archbishop of Canterbury said in Parliament that he was dean of Carlisle 3 years before he could find out that he had any duties to perform. During this period of inquiry he was receiving $8,000 salary. The aggregate value of the parochial benefices is about $20,000,000; and other public funds devoted to the Church exclusively, such as Queen Anne's bounty and the Ecclesiastical Commission, make, with the sum already mentioned, a total of at least $29,212,965. To this should be added the use of public buildings to which they have the exclusive right. The annual values of the episcopal palaces may be assessed at $50,250, of deaneries $10,000, cathedrals $1,160,000, church-edifices $19,200,000, parsonages $2,400,000, making a total of $22,806,250; which, added to the ordinary revenue, gives the entire aggregate of $32,019,215 of national property enjoyed each year by the English Established Church.

....An ecclesiastical census is to be taken in Ireland and Scotland, but not in England. In England the Dissenters object to it, because it will make the number of those connected with the Establishment larger than in the fact, as everybody of no religious connection will report himself as a Churchman. Besides, they say the government has no right to concern itself with matters of religious faith. In Ireland, on the other hand, the Protestant Dissenters are very weak, and the Catholics know they shall gain most of the stragglers in census reports. In Scotland the Free Church wishes a census, as it has been gaining on the Kirk of Scotland and on the population. The only reliable list would be of communicants. In England there are about 200,000 communicants belonging to the Establishment, and about twice as many to Nonconformist churches.

....The Princess Alice, of England, is becoming very popular in her new home by her energetic opposition to the Ultramontane tendencies of the Hessian Court, which is intensely Lutheran. She has frequent interviews with Herr Strauss, the celebrated author of the "Life of Jesus." He has just dedicated to her his last work on "Voltaire," which, he says, was written at her wish. He had read it to her chapter by chapter, and she has listened with friendly approval. A number of charitable establishments, from which all clerical influence is excluded, owe their existence to the Princess. Among them is a society for training sick-nurses. Her mother, Queen Victoria, strongly sympathizes with the Broad Church party, represented by Dean Stanley.

....The *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia, proving the prevalence of education in Rome, quotes from the census of 1867 that the population was 215,573; of which 2,962 were clergymen, 2,832 other religious men, and 2,213 religious females—a total of 7,409 religious, or one in about 30. There were 7,360 soldiers, and 320 in the prisons; 4,650 Jews, and 457 other non-Catholics. In the schools were over 3,500 males going through the scientific and the theological courses, and 9,911 boys and 10,953 girls in the elementary schools; giving a total of 25,771 scholars, three-fourths of whom were receiving gratuitous education. It adds that of the 11,713 boys in Rome between the ages of 7 and 14 all but 800 were in these schools, and that the figures are still more favorable in the case of girls.

....Keble College, the new member of the Oxford sisterhood of colleges, has in its charter an ingenious provision to prevent its getting out of the control of the High Church party, which has founded it, and to which Keble belonged in his later days. Any of the 12 members can "require" the visitor to remove the other three from office. It is true that the visitor can refuse the request; but, as the Archbishop of Canterbury holds that position *ex officio*, it is not likely that he will often interfere for the protection of a "dangerous" minority.

....Mr. Spurgeon is becoming one of the most popular speakers in England at other than Baptist meetings. Not long ago he was a prominent invited guest and speaker at a Presbyterian General Assembly meeting in Scotland, and now we find him taking a similar part at the anniversary of the Congregational theological seminary, called Cheshunt College. He made a special call for subscriptions to the college, and received four of $900 each. The Earl of Shaftesbury also made a speech.

....The Presbyterian Seminary at Chicago reports property in buildings, lands, notes, cash, etc., of $134,000, bringing an income of $13,000. At least $20,000 income is needed; and, besides this, buildings should be put up to accommodate 100 students. The Presbytery of Chicago has agreed to ask the churches to remember the seminary in its jubilee offering by the amount of $100,000, to be made up later to $200,000. They also ask $150,000 for Lake Forest University, to be increased to $250,000.

....The Education Bill of England, establishing universal and compulsory education, has led the Catholics to form a plan for enlarging their denominational schools, which receive state aid. It is calculated that those now in existence provide for 103,347 children. Then 25,000 Catholic children are in unaided schools; leaving 64,000 not provided for except in the unsectarian, and therefore dangerous, public schools.

....The telegraph tells us that Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, has published at Rome a pamphlet that is making considerable sensation. He has been an influential opponent of the dogma of infallibility. The *Tempo* says he left Rome without getting permission from the Commission on Excuses, but not before he had published a very severe paper on the situation. The bishops have nearly all left Rome.

....In reply to the charge that Congregationalism is dying out in New England, the *Congregationalist* shows that since 1831 that denomination has in Massachusetts added to its forces 76 new churches and over 42,000 members, thus nearly doubling its ministry and more than doubling its membership in the last 40 years. This is somewhat better than the increase in the population of the state.

....The English ritualist, Rev. J. D. Bradley, has returned to this city and begun a mission here. In his hall, which he calls St. Sacrament Mission, the Holy Eucharist will be celebrated every day in the year. His movement is specially commended by Bishop Potter and Dr. Morgan Dix.

....At the last meeting of the Convocation of Canterbury memorials were presented condemning the celebration of the communion in Henry VII's Chapel on the meeting for the revision of the Scriptures, when persons of different churches communicated, including Unitarians and other Dissenters.

....The report of the yearly meeting of the Society of Friends shows 4,500 members in New England, among whom there have been during the year 34 births, 75 deaths, and 35 admissions.

....The Episcopal Convention of Indiana has voted its disapproval of the practice of raising money for church purposes by means of fairs, lotteries, tableaux, and private theatricals.

....An "exchange" says there are 367 incorporated colleges in the United States, that annually turn out an aggregate of about 400 D.Ds.

....The *Christian Mirror* contradicts the report that the Maine General Conference endorsed the action of the Bible Society in the matter of Mr. Washburn's will.

The Independent

LORD ST. LEONARDS.

BY N. S. DODGE.

THIS month, fifteen years ago, when Lord Palmerston, then in his seventieth year, succeeded the Earl of Aberdeen as premier of England, there were five men in the House of Lords and one in the House of Commons, of ages equal to or greater than his, whose names had passed into the domain of history. Of the seven, two only remain. Palmerston, with astuteness and energy, wielded together without a parallel; Brougham, to whose universal acquirements there were no meics; Cranworth, whose successes perpetually illustrated his motto, "*Post Nubela Phœbus*"; Lyndhurst, the leading lawyer of the United Kingdom. Since the fall of the Tory ministry of that day, he has been regarded chief of the law lords. Repeatedly solicited to accept again the great seal, he has uniformly declined, preferring to devote his powers to the reform of English law. Turning from politics, he has for eighteen years devoted to law a vigor that has wrought untold good to the landed interest of Great Britain. Laws have been simplified, costs in the courts reduced, titles made secure, vexatious delays remedied, and the House of Lords as a judicial tribunal rendered efficient in a greater degree by his unaided efforts than by those of any single man since the days of Bacon. Up to the present hour, with eye undimmed and physical power almost unabated, Lord St. Leonards, at the age of ninety years, is regarded as the most learned and profound of living lawyers.

Between Lyndhurst and Brougham—the former being six years the older in measure of time, though ever the younger in health and hilarity to the last—there always existed a generous rivalry. Each jealously guarded his own domain. The reputation of Brougham came to rest on the university of his acquirements; of Lyndhurst on his persuasive eloquence. Advancing age neither checked the progress of the one nor damped the ardor of the other. The two octogenarians would sally from the House of Lords at midnight, and, entering Lady Lyndhurst's carriage, drive to a ball at Buckingham Palace or an anniversary at the Temple, with the apparent exaggerness of *preux chevaliers*. Toward both Lord St. Leonards entertained sentiments of warm friendship. He was three years only the junior of Brougham. There were cases where they had been rivals. Sharp words had passed between them. Arguing an important law question before the latter on the chancery bench, St. Leonards remarked: "I see your lordship is engaged in writing letters, and I will therefore postpone my remarks."

"Writing letters?" responded Brougham. "I am merely jotting memoranda. You might as well complain of my blowing my nose. Go on, Sir Edward."

The rebuke, though it did not stop the great lord-chancellor's habit of transacting private business while sitting upon the bench, led to the evasion of dropping his letters under his chair, from whence they were collected by the court messenger.

At another time, in the heat of debate, Brougham had designated Sugden as a "bag" and then, with an air of inexpressible loathing, proceeded to describe his crawling ways and verminous propensities. The bitterness of the attack was exceeded only when he accused Sir Robert Peel "of the most monstrous truckling for office that the whole history of political tergiversation could present," and drew from him the exclamation, "It is false!" Sugden, on the contrary, bode his time. His reply, a few days afterward, from his place in the House, has not its equal for polished satire and keen invective in parliamentary annals. He laid open the anatomy of his opponent's character with a skill and coolness that won for him the applause of all England. Then came Brougham's better nature. His apology at the club was as generous as the attack had been mean. Gathering himself up, his face half averted, he said: "When a man has done wrong, Sir Edward, he cannot say so too soon." And the reconciliation was complete.

But between Lord Campbell and his three compeers there was never cordiality. He was a Scotchman. Study, not gifts, made him great. His whole career never showed a glint of genius. There was no sympathy in his nature. He could not relish a joke. Lyndhurst's rollicking humor was his disgust. Brougham's impetuosity overwhelmed him, and he shunned it. Lord St. Leonards's knowledge of law was his idle hair. He never said a good word for his best friend. To the full extent of his ability, he damaged every character that crossed his path. Words of high disdain he never dared to cross in parliamentary debate with either one of his three great compeers; but he wrote the lives of the two first, to be published after his own and their decease, in a spirit of defamation so spiteful as to bring Lord St. Leonards to his rescue. The nonogenarian has lost none of his skill. Brilliant repartees told of him at the clubs these last fifty years are not a jot more severe nor telling than points made in this "Review of Lord Campbell's Lives of Lyndhurst and Brougham." In style, it is a rare specimen of clear, pithy, and pungent English. As an analysis of personal characters, there has been nothing like it since Thackeray died. Full of narrative, recollections, and anecdote; with none of the prolixities of filling powers nor the prosiness of old age; genial, good-tempered in its sharpest thrusts; bright, chatty, undidactic, and objective, I know of nothing—not even the closing chapters of Humboldt's "Kosmos"—that gives a more pleasant idea of the triumph of brains over old age. Finishing the book, one is tempted to exclaim, with Fairbanks, after his talk with old Josiah Quincy: "What a pity that mind can't be put into a new machine!"

And yet Lord St. Leonards is still vigorous. His voice tends, indeed, to pipe and whistle; but his hearing is unimpaired, his eyesight clear, his movements brisk, and his health sufficient to allow his constant attendance during the season at the House of Lords. What virtue there is in the woolsack that should give extreme old age to so many who have occupied it one do'n not see. Camden died at eighty-one; Bathurst at eighty-six; Eldon, talking rashly and drinking every day his two bottles of port at a sitting, at eighty-seven; Campbell, while still in office, at eighty; Cranworth at eighty; Brougham at ninety; and Lyndhurst at ninety-four. St. Leonards bids fair to outstrip them all. No cares weigh him down. He possesses large wealth in addition to his retiring pension of £5,000 per annum. As a lawyer, his name stands foremost in all the world. His habits are those of the English gentleman-life—much in the open air and generous food and wines at the table.

In politics Lord St. Leonards has always been a Tory. He opposed the first Reform Bill. From the outset his opposition to Catholic enfranchisement was bitter. The Jews' admission to Parliament had no more consistent foe. Repeal of the Corn Laws was his detestation. Extension of suffrage, vote by ballot, and disenfranchisement of the National Church in Ireland he has employed both voice and pen in opposing. He is, in fact, the impersonation, and probably the only one alive, of the clear-headed, obstinate, impracticable, indomitable, Tory country gentleman of Sir Roger de Coverley's hue. He was solicitor-general under Wellington, Irish lord chancellor under Sir Robert Peel, and lord chancellor of England under Lord Derby; but in pure, strong, ingrained, dyed-in-the-wool Toryism he was in advance of them all.

Lord St. Leonards, though the son of a Westminster tradesman, has always been marked as the courtly and polished gentleman of high breeding and of manners and demeanor the most quiet. He has no affectation of politeness. His deportment is neither *brusque*, as Brougham's was, nor urbane, like Lyndhurst's. He is rather the lawyer than man of the world. His intense hatred of humbug, political and legal, perhaps chills his more genial nature. He is not affable. In the *agrémens* of his conversation with women or men there is no strain of eulogy. He seems to have poised his thoughts and words so long in the scales of exactness that all enthusiasm is dead. Hence, though standing at the head of his profession more than half a century, and regarded, at the age of passing fourscore and ten years, as the most profound and safe of living lawyers, Lord St. Leonards is not and never has been a man of the people.

"A LONG TIME AND A HARD JOB."

BY PRESIDENT TUTTLE, OF WABASH COLLEGE.

I AM quoting my own words, as spoken one bright Sabbath morning. The occasion which called out the words was not the building of some huge reservoir of massive masonry; nor the vast work of grading, ironing, and stocking the railway from Omaha to San Francisco; nor yet the erection of all the buildings, the enlargement of the library, cabinet, and philosophical apparatus, and the increase of endowments for "our college"—as we who love it are wont to call Wabash College; nor anything of this sort. There are jobs now in hand by capitalists to finish which will take a long time; and they are truly hard jobs. The Hoosac Tunnel has taken a long time, and it is as hard a job as several thousand feet of very hard rock can make it; but my mind was not very busy with that great material enterprise. The great reservoir in time receives its stone from the quarries, its cunning form from some cunning human brain, and its human labor for the adjustment of its materials to answer the purposes for which it was designed; in a word, the job, although a hard one, is done, even if it did take a long time. And so was it with the Pacific Railway. It took years, and was a tremendously hard job; but in due time it was completed. Indeed, when one simply names such a sentence as "fifty thousand miles of railroads in the United States," or such an aggregate as "sixteen billions of values in the United States," as stated in 1860, or any other such vast sum total of things—wheat, corn, money, real estate, or minerals—one starts back and exclaims: "What a *long time* it took to collect that aggregate! and what a *hard job* it must have been for several millions of workers to have done it!" Yet, men have done this, and men will do a great deal more before the country is ten years older. In all such cases the "*long* time" will have a limit, and the "*hard* job" a completion; so that men engaged in them as to *time* will patiently wait, and as to *achievement* will resolutely work.

But my words that Sabbath morning did not refer to undertakings like these. I had been roused from a night's sleep, which had sent vigor to every part of my tired body. The sun was just lifting himself in all his royal splendor, and seemed more royal for being seen through the peerless forest of our college campus. The blue-jays were doing their best to make melody in song, and their hearty good-will converted even their harsh notes into pleasant ones. Our magnificent redbird, with his rich crown on—"*Cardinal Groesbeck*" who reigns in our Western woods—was whistling, and then uttering a peculiarly peremptory note, which sounds like the utterance of a beautiful scold, more than tolerable by reason of the beauty of the scolder. I myself felt happy. The world seemed glorious. The birds, coaxed back by the fine weather, made the world seem both beautiful and happy. As I was making my toilette, I could not but let my thoughts fly upward with joy and praise—now in song and now in supplication; now in exclamation addressed to my companion, and now in ejaculation addressed to my Saviour.

At the family worship that morning the chapter was full of *Christ* in his relation to those little ones who by reason of past education and habits are weak. How tender *He* is of such! The hymn we sung named Christ in every line, and was full of Christ in every word; and it seemed as if our hearts were all aglow with the love of Christ.

In prayer we mentioned Christ and blessed the Father for him. We thanked and prayed in the name of Christ. Indeed, from the moment the light of that wonderful Sabbath morning greeted our eyes, and the bird-songs our ears, until we said "For *Christ's* sake, Amen," it seemed as if that one word had been sounding in my ear as pleasantly as my own mother's name could.

And, as these thoughts were passing through my mind, I said to myself: "Ten to one my excellent neighbor next door, and the next one to him, and the one over the way, and who can tell how many more in this town, are thinking of Christ in this same method." In a moment, to my imagination, the whole Christian brotherhood seemed to stand up a very great army. Thousands of tender, loving Christian men and women on the Pacific slopes, and beyond them in the isles of the sea, and still beyond them in the land of Sinim. They are found among the Rocky Mountains and along the Plains. They dwell along our rivers and crowd our eastern marts and places of business. Oh, how many of these loving Christians there are! And then my mind took wing for the lands where the Pagans and semi-civilized nations dwell, among whom Christian men and women are seeking to win souls to the love of Christ, and *with great success*. And so in England, and Scotland, and Ireland, and France, and Germany, and other Christian nations. What multitudes this morning are thinking of Christ, speaking of Christ, worshiping Christ, loving Christ! How grand the conception this of the brotherhood of Christians, this bright *Lord's Day* morning!

But my thoughts were turned from those *men* and *women* to the class whose praises of Christ so disturbed the Pharisees and chief-priests. They cried out, as glad as the birds this morning, "Hosanna to the Son of David"; and so Christ, the Lord's Anointed, had his praise perfected in the mouths of *babes* and *sucklings*. At once the families seemed to rise up before my imagination which worship God and bring both song and instruction into the delightful routine of the Sabbath at home. What vast multitudes of children to-day will be learning about Christ and singing about Christ. At millions of family altars, in hundreds of languages, to-day children will be singing "*Jesus* is king!" or "All hail the power of Jesus's name!" or "Today the *Saviour* calls!" or "Sweet the name of *Jesus* sounds!" or "Rock of ages!" or "My faith looks up to Thee, *Saviour divine!*" It is a thrilling *fact*. There is no fiction about this, that a vast proportion of the Christian families upon the earth will be making *Jesus* the subject of song and instruction with millions of children to-day.

And then my mind went careering over the world to get some adequate notion of all that is meant by the word *Sabbath school*. I know there are Sabbath schools in which Jesus is not enthroned as truly God, and where children are taught to reverence Socrates, Confucius, *and* Jesus as very good men; but the vast majority of the Sabbath schools take another course. They build a throne for Jesus the King, and they pray to Jesus the Saviour, and they praise Jesus the God. They do not stop to speculate as to the Trinity of Godhead, nor the divine and human nature of Christ, nor the mysteries of the incarnation. It may be this very bright Sabbath morning a million of the best Christian men and women on the earth have gone to these Sabbath school-rooms, their hearts all aglow with love for Jesus Christ, as mine is while I write; and with the most serious purpose to teach their pupils to love, trust, and worship Christ. In past years they have been extraordinarily successful, as is seen in countless numbers now in the church. And these brave Christian men and women are not content to deal with "the children of the church," and those who belong to families already in the church; but they are going out into the highways and hedges, into the sinks and dens and garrets of the city after poor, neglected, ignorant, vicious children, who neither know nor love Christ. They find such children in great multitudes, and "they gather them in," and teach them about Christ, and to sing about Christ also. Nay, these eager workers go into the very prisons, the reform schools, and jails to find the young immortals; and, as that great Sunday-school Bank Cashier Jones, of St. Louis, said, "*Sing Jesus unto them, unto their heads and their hearts, unto their modes of thought, their loves, their hopes.*" And the most successful work done in the field of Christian effort is in the mission schools. Multitudes are picked up and saved.

Well, all this came rushing through my mind—the many millions in the Sabbath school singing about the "Love of *Jesus*", "Come let us sing of *Jesus*"; "Look to *Jesus*"; "Come to *Jesus*, little one"; "He who was the sinner's Friend"; "*Jesus* paid it all"; "*Jesus* our Pilot"; "*Jesus*, to thy dear arms I flee"; and *ever so many more songs like them*. I stopped, as if to listen, and the voices of these children in the families and the Sabbath schools seemed to come to my ear very loud and very sweet, and the word JESUS was its main idea, its glorious burden. Oh, such a volume of worship!

It was all this that led me to pronounce the words which head this article. Many are striving to break down human confidence in Christ; they wish to dethrone Christ, and to get this "foolishness" out of the heads of mankind, that *Christ is an Almighty, Divine Saviour*.

And, so long as at these family altars, in these Christian households, these Christian schools, not only adults, but the children, in such countless multitudes, are taught to believe in Christ and to praise Christ in these songs, *when* will the aforesaid "foolishness" be corrected? It was then I said, reverently and tearfully, lifting my eyes up, as if Christ himself were visible: "IT WILL BE A LONG TIME AND A HARD JOB." What that meant each can explain for himself.

WABASH COLLEGE, Lord's Day, Feb. 13, 1870.

Publisher's Department.

THE MERIDEN FIRE.—CARD.

To our patrons and the public we wish to acknowledge our thanks for past favors, and to inform them that, notwithstanding the large fire on the morning of the 16th inst. in one of our factories, by which about four hundred feet of the third, fourth, and fifth stories were almost entirely consumed, it is our intention to have the same rebuilt and in running order before September 1st.

Having six other factories, we are prepared to fill general orders promptly for our ware, either silver-plated or unplated, as heretofore.

Yours, respectfully,

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
West Meriden, Conn., and No. 199 Broadway, N. Y.

JULY 23d, 1870.

DR. PIERCE'S ALT. EXT., or Golden Medical Discovery, is not a fancy drink, made of poor poisonous strychnine whisky, proof spirits, and refuse liquors, spiced and sweetened to please the taste and lead topers on to ruin, as are the so-called "Bitters" of the day. It is a pure medicinal extract of native roots and herbs, and is a speedy, safe, and sure remedy for all severe, acute, and lingering coughs, loss of appetite, "Liver Complaint" or "Biliousness," and Constipation of the Bowels. Nothing equals it for purifying the blood and curing Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofulous and all skin diseases. Sold by druggists.

TEMPERANCE BEVERAGES.

WILLIAM FLEMING, of 87 Warren street, this city, has for sale West India Lime Juice and Green Ginger Wine, both celebrated and delightful beverages, and containing no alcoholic spirits.

Those in want of refreshing drinks during the heated term, devoid of poisonous acids or spirits, should procure the above. See his advertisement.

SWISS CARVED GOODS

The Swiss M'f'g Co., 36 East 44th St., cor. University Place.

INVESTING MONEY.

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements of Jay Cooke & Co., George Opdyke & Co., Fisk & Hatch, Tanner & Co., Luther Kountze, Hatch & Foote, Caldwell & Co., Turner Brothers, Henry Clews & Co., White, Morris & Co., Gwynne, Johnson & Day, Gilman, Son & Co., Lawrence Bros. & Co., Condict & Co., Wm. P. Converse & Co., Utley & Dougherty, Thomas Denny & Co., and others, who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS PRIZE STORY.

THE *Little Corporal Magazine* offers the above prize for a story for Boys and Girls. Writers and others interested may learn full particulars by sending *twelve cents* for a copy of the August Number of the *Little Corporal*. Address SEWELL & MILLER, Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

"FAMILY FAVORITE" CLOTHES WRINGER.

WE have concluded arrangements by which we are able to offer this VERY SUPERIOR Clothes Wringer (the cash price of which is $7 50) to any person who will send us the names of three *new* subscribers, with the money, $7 50; or who will renew an old subscription four years in advance, and pay us $10.

This Wringer is said by those who have tried it to be very simple, and equal to any in use.

DIED.

DAGGETT.—In Attleboro', Mass., May 23d, 1870, Mrs. Lucy F. Daggett, wife of H. N. Daggett, and youngest daughter of Ephraim Adams, of Livonia, N. Y.

A desire to show a proper respect for her sainted memory, as well as to add consolation to the bitter sorrow and grief of her numerous friends and relatives, prompts this notice in her last moments.

The subject of this sketch was born in Richmond, Ontario County, N. Y., March 15th, 1826. Always distinguished for a remarkably sensitive and conscientious nature, in the early age of 13 years she experienced a change of heart, and became thoroughly imbued with the short and brief love of "Him that passeth all understanding." Soon after she connected herself with the Presbyterian church at Livonia, N. Y., under the pastoral charge of Rev. R. G. Riley, in whom she found a life-long friend and devoted pastor.

Thenceforward through her youth, and until lovely and confiding womanhood took on the lighter and maturer garb of womanhood, her life was spent in doing good and getting good.

The youngest and idolized daughter of fond and loving parents, the favorite and endeared sister of a large circle of brothers and sisters, she shed upon all around her those charming influences so highly prized—*Love, Gentleness, and Purity*.

In the summer of 1850 she married, and settled in Attleboro', Mass.; taking upon herself the sacred trust and guardianship of an elder sister's child, whose place she was called upon to fill. Death soon removed her precious charge, and opened anew the wounds of affliction. In this, as in all other subsequent grants of her life, she exhibited a strength and power of faith in the promises of Him in whom she early learned to trust.

She soon found ample field for the devotion of her social and religious capabilities. She was blessed with two promising daughters, from whom she lavished all the care, love, and devotion that maternal feeling is capable of, ministering them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. She was noted for her kindness to the poor, and was frequent and generous in her charities.

Upon settling in Attleboro', she united with the 2d Congregational church in that town, and was an active and influential member, and her prayers were fervent and unceasing for the conversion of her family and friends and the upbuilding of the cause of Christ. Her cup of happiness was filled to overflowing when her husband espoused the cause of Christ and became one in name with the church of her choice.

Her love for her family and friends was deep and abiding; and, though widely separated from most of them, she paid an annual visit to her aged parents, whose declining years were blessed and made glad by her presence. On January 1st, 1870, in the midst of preparation for a journey home, she was taken suddenly ill, and in a few days was no more; and, though unconscious through most of her illness, during the intervals of consciousness she intimated her willingness and readiness to meet death, but would fain ward off the shock it would give her aged parents.

Her funeral was attended by an unusually large concourse of people. Rev. Dr. Blodgett, of Pawtucket, and Rev. F. S. Peloubet, her pastor, conducted the funeral service.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.'S

TOP LABEL. WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO. 30 BOBBIN. New SIX Cord BOTTOM LABEL. SUPERIOR SIX CORD MACHINE THREAD.

SOFT FINISH SPOOL COTTON.

A Thread, as will be seen from the following certificates,

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO SEWING MACHINES.

Office of Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, 625 Broadway, NEW YORK, March 1st, 1869.

We have thoroughly tested the new Six Cord Thread of the Willimantic Linen Co., and find it far superior to any other in the market, and cheerfully recommend it to the agents, purchasers, and users of the Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Weed Sewing Machine Company,

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.—GENTS:—During the last six months we have thoroughly tested your IMPROVED SIX CORD THREAD in "running" in the Factory, and inspecting our Machines at the Factory, disparing Machines to customers, and doing all kinds of sewing at our offices; supplying the demands of mankind, that *Christ is an Almighty, Divine Saviour*. And, so long as at these family altars, in these Christian households, these Christian schools, not only adults, but the children, in such countless multitudes, are taught to believe in Christ and to praise Christ in these songs, *when* will the aforesaid "foolishness" be corrected? It was then I said, reverently and tearfully, lifting my eyes up, as if Christ himself were visible: "IT WILL BE A LONG TIME AND A HARD JOB." What that meant each can explain for himself.

WABASH COLLEGE, Lord's DAY, Feb. 13, 1870.

Use JOHN DWIGHT & CO.'S BRAND CABBONATE SODA. No others are equal to these for cooking purposes. Established 1846.

Composite IRON WORKS Co.

IRA HUTCHINSON, Pres't. ISAAC CRARY, Vice-Pres't.
(FORMERLY CHASE & CO.)
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF

Patent Composite Iron Work,

GATES, RAILINGS, GUARDS, BEDSTEADS, Etc.,
IMPROVED WIRE WORK
FOR BANK COUNTER AND OFFICE RAILINGS, LAWN, COTTAGE, AND FARM FENCES.
Also VASES, FOUNTAINS, STATUARY, STABLE-FITTINGS, Etc.
109 MERCER ST., near PRINCE ST., NEW YORK.

NEW JERSEY
7 PER CENT. TOWN BONDS.
AUTHORIZED BY ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE,

and the issue restricted to one-tenth the assessed valuation of the real estate of the following towns:

NEW PROVIDENCE, Union County.
BEDMINSTER, Somerset County.
BERNARD, Somerset County.

In $100s, $500s, and $1,000s,
AND HAVING FROM 15 TO 22 YEARS TO RUN
at 85 and Interest.
INTEREST PAYABLE SEMI-ANNUALLY,
January and July,
AT THE
AMERICAN EXCHANGE BANK,
NEW YORK,
FREE OF TAX.

For full particulars apply to

Parker & Lawrence,
Bankers, No. 1 Wall Street.

£150,000,000

Sterling in Money and Estates remain unclaimed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, in many cases as far back as 1600.

Gna's Index to Advertisements for Heirs at Law, Next of Kin, Legatees, and cases of unclaimed money (Part 5), published upward of 5,000 names), price 15 cents. JOHN HOOPER & CO., No. 41 Park Row, New York City.

BANKING HOUSE OF
GWYNNE, JOHNSON & DAY,
No. 16 Wall st., New York.

Special attention given to the negotiation of Corporate Loans, such as first-class City and County Bonds, 7's Bonds of Railroad, under course of construction. Bonds of Governments, and other Securities bought and sold on commission.

Interest allowed on deposits.

THE DYING BODY
SUPPLIED WITH THE VIGOR OF LIFE!
THROUGH
DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A small atom of vaccine matter is sufficient to charge the system of the most robust and weighty body against Small-Pox. This potent power is secured through the blood. In every drop of DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT there are concentrated the nourishing, strengthening, and purifying properties that will secure to every human being pure, rich, strong, and healthy blood.

If the blood can be charged with vaccine matter in atomic proportions, that reproduces on the part of the body inoculated a potion of such virulence that an atom will charge an ordinary body containing 140 pounds of blood, is it not reasonable that a remedial agent like RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, made from the most healing, purifying, strengthening extracts from the vegetable kingdom of powerful medicinal qualities, and combined together by the highest chemical skill, and most scientific properties of these substances obtained under a process that secures only the active properties of the substances used, should have equally as potent power for cleansing, purifying, enriching, and strengthening the blood?

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates to the blood, the fluids, vessels, tubes, and other fluids and juices of the system *the vigor of life*, for it repairs the waste of the body with new and sound material. The SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT possesses *tissue making* and *flesh making* elements and supplies the system with any deficiency of *Caloric* or *heat making constituents*. No matter how deeply seated or enarafted in the tissues, cartilages, glands, organs, or bones disease and corruption may be, the influence of this powerful agent on the blood and other fluids that supply the living body with repairs will so charge the system with such conditions as to *resolve* and exterminate the *dead* and *decomposing matter*, and supply its place with *sound* and *living structure*, nourished by rich, pure, and strong blood.

By the chemical action by which the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT has on the substances taken into the stomach during its process of digestion into Chyme and Chyle, before it is made blood, as well as the nourishing constituents it converts into blood, and its specific action when entering the circulation, it exterminates every atom of virus from the blood, and *resolves away all deposits of disease*, whether caused by the action of some specific poison or virulent disease, or Mercury, Corrosive Sublimate, Calomel, that may have accumulated in the bones, tissues, cartilages, or joints, or from some *transmitted taint or hereditary complaint* that may have run through half a dozen generations.

Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the word forms of Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does accomplish—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional, Skin, and Syphiloid diseases; but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is burning sensation, and pain in the Small of the Back along the Loins.

In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent, aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the Spine and Small of the Back, and the Bowels regulated with one or two of RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS per day, will soon make a complete cure, and in a few days the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural color.

Price one dollar per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. Sold by Druggists.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists.

CONNECTICUT AIR-LINE BONDS.

The value and importance of twenty-seven miles saved in distance, and about one hour in the time between the Metropolis of New England and the Metropolis of the Nation cannot be over-estimated.

The Air-Line Road, 52 miles in length, running between New Haven and Willimantic, in Connecticut, forms the connecting link in the Grand Through Route between New York and Boston.

The Road is nearly completed to Middletown, which is about the center of the line.

On the unfinished portion, between Middletown and Willimantic, about 20 miles are graded, and the iron-work for bridges and viaducts is well under way.

The utmost care is used in the construction of the road, the projectors aiming to make it the most substantial, thoroughly-built, and safest road in the country.

THE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
OF THE
New Haven, Middletown, and Willimantic Railroad Company,

Secured by a lien on ALL THE PROPERTY OF THE ROAD, present a safe, convenient, and profitable investment. They bear SEVEN PER CENT. INTEREST, payable half yearly—May and November, in New York—FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX, and FROM STATE AND LOCAL TAXES IN CONNECTICUT; are issued in denominations of $500 and $1,000, and can, at the option of the holder, be REGISTERED, with or without coupon attached.

This deservedly popular Security possesses advantages which will always make it a FAVORITE INVESTMENT, and one which must be constantly in demand.

PRICE, PAR AND INTEREST.

HATCH & FOOTE,
BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 12 WALL STREET, N. Y.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

We Buy and Sell Government Bonds, and receive the Accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, and others, subject to check at sight, and allow interest on daily balances.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
96 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

INTEREST allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. on all sums. Deposits draw interest from the first of January, April, July, and October. Open daily from 10 to 3 P. M. CHARLES W. CONOKLIN, President.
VANDERBILT L. BUXTON, Secretary.

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The Independent.

WATCHING.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

TWELVE! The world is gone to sleep,
All is very still.
Hovering shadows rise and creep,
Like a dark wing's noiseless sweep,
Round the bed, while still
Here I sit to watch for good or ill.

ONE! Deeper grows the gloom,
Denser grows the night;
Hark! what trembles through the room
Like the rustling of a plume?
Quivering with affright,
Quick I trim the light.

TWO! The dear face grows more pale,
Very faint and low
Comes the breath. Oh! Life, prevail!
Let not all our tendance fail,
Bid thy currents flow
Swifter to and fro.

THREE! O, restless heart and brain,
Hush thy misery.
One is near who knows thy pain,
Feels thy longing. Not in vain
Shall thy vigil be,
If *He* watch with thee.

FOUR! The distant cocks begin,
And the heavy air
Trembles; formless shadows trim
All the darkness, glimmering dim;
In their fragrant lair
Birds chirp unaware.

FIVE! The dawn is come; a streak
Of pink cloudlet lies
In the East and dyes the cheek,
Dyes the hands so fair, so weak.
See, she opes her eyes!
Light and hope arise.

LITERARY MEN IN SOCIETY.

BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

"CERTAINLY," says Lord Lytton, "of all people who go into society, none appear to so little advantage as men of letters." It is an old axiom, and one that will hold good, very likely, to the end of the world. We cannot hit upon any other profession which suffers in the same degree this same exclusion. A horse jokey may possibly have something interesting to say about riding, and certainly can manage to conduct himself with propriety, even though his coat smell of stables; an undertaker—proverbially the cheerfulest of men—upon a stretch, will furnish an anecdote or two of the "one who died o' Wednesday," will tell you how the family took it, what was in the will, how the funeral went off, and other particulars quite as interesting; the broker is ready to imprison the general conversation in stocks and bonds; but the literary man, with more mind than any of these, is the greatest fool of all. In the first place, he has nothing to say. He would like to take a hand, if he is good natured, in what is going forward; but he feels shy, or is not capable. So, there being nothing left for him but to sit off in the corner alone, and grin and look pleased, he not only fails of any personal enjoyment, but is set down generally as the decided wet blanket to the entertainment. "If this is what people call social enjoyment," he thinks, as he saunters home, smoking his cigar, "I'll have no more of it." The verdict of the company against him is in like strain: "If that is the great humorist, Brown," exclaims some stout, swaggering donkey, over the private brandy and water in the ante-room, he's the dullest dog I ever met." To say the truth, it is by no means clear what people expect of a literary man besides, of course, books. Certainly he is not looked for to furnish the same entertainment promiscuously, wherever he goes, that he puts professionally between the covers of his three-volume novel or in the paragraphs of his essay. Society does not feel disappointed, I believe, if the Widow Cliquot and Mr. Longworth, on coming to a party, do not distribute bottles of champagne to every person present. And yet an author who shows no wit at the dinner-table, who is by no means a prime fellow across the walnuts, is invariably considered as having failed in an absolutely necessary tribute.

Literary men commonly live by and always in themselves. The imagination is so much a part of their dwelling place, be they novelists or not, that they cannot lower their weight, or, rather lightness, with any degree of safety, into a denser atmosphere. The veriest plodder of all has his world of fancies. Dr. Strong feeds upon his Greek roots, M. Tchudi upon the inscriptions of the Written Mountains; and to be away from these is to be entirely away from home. The peasant girl's remark to Haller is in no other instance so neatly applicable: "The father I get from myself the more miserable I grow." The one thing is, that the "general run" lack sufficient of Mr. Matthew Arnold's "light and culture" to sympathize with the man of letters, who must possess it if anybody does possess it in the world; and sympathy makes the brain-waves. Here Kean paused—and was lost. "I do not like to mix with these fine lords and ladies," he said, "because I am never at my ease. They will not let me take any little part in a conversation upon their own subjects, but tie me down to the one matter of the drama. I could listen with interest to what they have to say about things they understand; but, when I am compelled to hear their opinions of plays and acting, of which they know no more than they do of the customs of the Esquimaux, I become so bored that I invariably go away." And so he did, preferring the "Coal Hole" and the "Wolf Club," where shabby fellows with red noses and not a sixpence, could exchange better ideas with him about the stage and players than the best read university man in the brightest circles of London. And so, taking this course, poor Edmund in the end went to the deuce.

To entertain his guest, the literary man every host considers himself bound to furnish literary conversation. This is the mistake; for I doubt if anybody hates to talk shop so profoundly as does an author. He mixes with his fellow-beings for no other reason than to get away from his desk. The dreary story he has been at all day, the wearisome paper on "Euid Folks," the inane review of some noodle's "Treatise on the Use of the Fishing-Fly," have put him in such a perspiration of disgust that he needs refreshment and other air. Yet the mistaken patron pounces upon him at the instant he appears in the doorway, drags him into the room, plants him in the middle of the floor, and looks eagerly expectant at his lips. In consequence, here, of course, occur that feeble rubbing of the hands, that placid smile of good-natured silliness, that stuttering observation about the weather, which are so angrily mentioned by the company as personal injuries afterward. The good lady compelled Goldsmith's Chinaman to eat his dinner with chopsticks. Her family is not extinct yet. The present representatives only make the slight change of offering the chopsticks to the author.

Suppose a man, to severely rid himself of the attentions of his usual senseless graciousness toward the company, relinquishes his too prominent chair, makes a perilous voyage across the room, and exiles himself upon a distant sofa. Here he imagines he will be left in peace and quiet, and says inwardly, like the hermit of Vaucluse, "I am never less alone than when alone"; and adds, like the famous Leibnitz, "There is no solitude for me like that which I find in a great crowd." Soon, soon, indeed, does he discover that his movement has been a mistake, that he is more misunderstood than ever. He is supposed now to be acting? Surely nothing is so disagreeable to a writer as to be thought the ape of some other writer. The days of Byronism, when it was the rule for every young man to be a Byron, have happily gone out. Even the times when it was an unalterable law for every scribbler to live in a night-tavern and drown himself in beer and stifle himself in smoke, like Thackeray, have fled. To imitate the best model the world has ever furnished in his personal peculiarities is, in these expanding hours, to write one's self down a consummate ass. So, when the man of letters quietly takes up position in some out-of-the-way nook, to look on and enjoy, the fools about him put the worst construction on his motive; and, with pleasant self-satisfaction, nudge each other, and say that he is imitating Addison, or Hawthorne, or some one else of the tribe of men of silence.

For my part, I do not clearly see what besides an awkward or shy literary man can do. Very few care to converse with him, "because he looks so stow and dry, you know" (unless perhaps some literary lady, whom his host has placed by his side, to bore him with her opinion of Sylvanus Cobb, whom she likes next to Goethe). He cannot dance or play cards, any more than he can perform on the clarionet; he cannot get up and tell a story, or deliver a lecture off-hand. On the whole, then, he is clearly in the way. The time was when this voluntary seclusion on the part of scholars was pride. So important was it thought to correct this disposition that one of the most powerful preachers of Germany, from a pulpit in Vienna, exhorted his auditors to repress it by every means in their power. "The orator," says an essayist, "invoked them to shake off that distant demeanor, that unsocial reserve, that supercilious behavior and almost express contempt from which few of them were free, and which most of them practiced when in unlettered company; and to treat their fellow-citizens, however inferior they might be in erudition and scholastic knowledge, with affability and attention." His reason was simply this: that learning and good sense, to whatever degree they may be possessed, can only render the possessor happy in proportion as he employs them to increase the happiness of others. To effect this, he must endure dull jokes without petulance and listen complacently to the observations of ignorance—exercises of patience, by the way, not very usual.

But, if the man of letters laughs at the fashionable world, they, too, in turn, may laugh at him. This, indeed, they often do; and a certain philosopher, not wholly unknown, as poor Dickens used to say, has remarked that conduct of this sort is a violation of the very first rules of true politeness, which consists entirely of a happy combination of good sense and good nature, both of which dictate a very different mode of proceeding and induce rather a friendly concealment than a triumphant exposure of the failings of anybody! How is it possible for the inexperienced scholar to practice customs he has never had opportunity to learn? How is it possible for men who devote the greater portion of their time to the abstracted and solitary pursuits of literature to possess that promptitude of thought, vivacity of expression, those easy manners, and that varying humor which prevail so agreeably in mixed society, and which can only be acquired by a constant intercourse with the world? Nothing could have been more cruel and unjust than the bearing of the Swedish courtiers toward Michorn and Nande, two celebrated writers on the "Music and Dances of the Ancients," when Christina desired the one to sing and the other to dance in public for the entertainment of her attendants. Still less pardonable was the treatment by his fashionable patrons of the mathematician, Nicole. Here is the story, as recorded by the physician of Drugg: A fashionable lady at Paris, having heard that Nicole, who had then lately written a profound and highly-approved treatise on the Doctrine of Curves, was greatly celebrated in all the circles of science, and, affecting to be thought the patroness and intimate of all persons of distinguished merit, sent him an invitation to one of her parties that he could not refuse to accept of. The abstracted geometrician, who had never before been present at an assembly of the kind, received the civilities of his fair hostess and her illustrious friends with all the awkwardness and confusion which such a scene must naturally create. After passing an uncomfortable evening in answering the observations of those who addressed him, in which he experienced much greater difficulties than he would have found in solving the most intricate problem, he prepared to take his leave; and, pouring out a profusion of declarations to the lady of the house of the grateful sense he entertained of the high honor she had conferred on him by her generous invitation, distinguishing attention, polite regard, and extraordinary civility, he rose to the climax of his compliments by assuring her that the *lovely little eyes* of his fair entertainer had made an impression which never could be erased from his breast, and immediately departed. But a kind friend, who was accompanying him home, whispered in his ear, as they were passing down stairs, that he had paid the lady a very ill compliment by telling her that her eyes were little, for little eyes were universally understood by the whole sex to be a great defect. Nicole, mortified to the extreme by the mistake he had thus innocently made, and resolving to apologize to the lady whom he conceived he had offended, returned abruptly to the company, and entreated her, with great humility, to pardon the error into which his confusion had betrayed him, of imputing anything like *littleness* to so high, so elegant, so distinguished a character, declaring that he had never beheld such fine large eyes, such fine large lips, such fine large hands, or so fine and large a person altogether in the whole course of his life!

Many rude fellows, scholars though they were, have had sins to answer for far more culpable than awkwardness or shyness. There was Bentley—socially a great a ruffian as Dr. Johnson. I remember reading an anecdote in, I think, "Cumberland's Autobiography"—or in some other book of that time—which struck me as being quite as unique in its way as anything recorded by Bozzy from his first page to his last. Bentley was dining with David Garrick. Madame, the latter's wife, sat at the head of the table, and the scholar sat near the foot. There was, of course, a lot of other people on either side, in between. Mrs. Garrick was by nature a great talker, and chattered through several courses like a magpie. Poor old Bentley, it seems, fancying a fowl particularly, after a little while, asked for more of it. He was not heard. He asked again, louder. Still he was not attended to. (Remember he was, as Macbeth says, the chief guest; that, if he had been forgotten, there had been a gap in the great feast; that very possibly it was his first appearance at Garrick's table.) Once more he spoke, and once more was he doomed to speak unnoticed. Then he rose, and, clenching his fists, shrieked through his set teeth at Mrs. Garrick: "You silly fool, you addle-headed lisping minx, *will* you give me some more of that chicken?" Could Johnson have been ruder?

On the other hand of all this, there have been plenty of literary men who were the cleverest men of society imaginable. Such were Petrarch and Voltaire, and dozens later, down to two or three amateurs immortalized as a type in our own day in the novels of Mr. Disraeli and Lord Lytton. But, on the whole, I think it will be granted that writers, as a class, prefer seclusion: some for its own sake, and some out of the policy that an author, like a priest, or the Grand Lama, or any other exalted character, will be most looked up to if he dwells on the inaccessible cliffs of society; while the ordinary, humdrum individual, subject like everybody else to colds in the head, fits of stupidity and dullness, and other ills, will be found in the inhabited valleys beneath.

OUTCAST CHILDREN.

FRUIT is the scriptural standard by which to try institutions, as well as character. I have been vouchsafed the opportunity of looking over a large number of letters recently received at the Howard Mission from the adopted parents of their children; from which it appears that, while a few have left their homes, and a still smaller number are reported as turning out badly, a very large majority, more than two-thirds, are doing well. I take a few cases, with very little selection, as indicating the general results.

About three years ago, a little boy was brought to the Mission whose mother was dead and whose father had deserted him. A poor woman, living at No. — James street, who had known his mother, brought him in. These letters give us a glimpse of Johnny up among the Green Mountains. "He is well," writes the adopted father, "makes good progress in study, and is a very good boy. We like him very much and shall do well by him." A very different record and very different prospects from what would now be Johnny's had he during these three years been running in city streets instead of climbing New England mountains and going to New England schools.

Carrie —— was brought to the Mission from Williamsburg, some years ago, by her mother, whose worthless husband had for three years done but little for his family, and two years before had wholly abandoned them. One of these late letters comes from a Michigan village, on the lake-shore opposite Chicago — the "peach country"; and it tells us something of Carrie. "She attends church and Sunday school, and is very much interested in the latter; never absent, and the best in her class, composed of girls of from 12 to 15 years. She is large, well-proportioned, and good-looking; and, though not claiming to be a Christian, is every way respectable. We could not consent to her leaving us." Who can doubt that this half-orphaned girl, whose cheek has already caught the surrounding peach-bloom, is fitting for a noble position in Western society?

One more case is all I venture to give. Edward P—— was left by his widowed mother at the Mission when four years old. He has now been over three years in the family of a gentleman living in S——, New York, who writes: "Eddie is a bright, active boy. You would hardly recognize him as the pale, puny boy who came to our home three years ago. Then we hardly knew if we could teach him *anything*, he seemed so dull. Now he reads with us in the Bible at family worship every morning, and learns a good lesson for Sunday school. Nothing would please us better than to have him become a minister of the Gospel."

If the prayers of these parents should be answered, it would then be still harder to recognize in the ambassador of Christ the once pale and puny street-boy—one of the *gamin* of New York. B. F. M.

Book Table.

THE PROSE OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.*

THE publication this year of *Among My Books* has recalled Mr. Lowell to the bar of literary criticism, and has given occasion to his many readers, in this country and in England, to review and reconstruct their estimate of him.

The reception of this volume by the critics, both at home and abroad, has differed in one particular from that given to his other prose work, "Fireside Travels," in 1864. The latter made its appearance after a silence of sixteen years; and, though it brimmed with wit of the true Lowellian flavor, and had an abundance of other things that were "choicely good," as old Izaak Walton would say, yet it gave us all a disappointment. We could not accept it as an adequate account of the way in which such a man, at his most vigorous prime, had been spending all those sixteen years. Our sentences of joy over the book were tinged with a very perceptible note of affectionate remonstrance and discontent. It was, after all, but a bundle of brilliant fragments.

But since 1864 Mr. Lowell has shown himself to the world oftener, and has given proof of the widening, solidification, and enrichment of his nature during all that Pythagorean period of silence. In poetry he has bestowed upon us the "Commemoration Ode" and the "Cathedral," while the six essays of which his latest book is composed must have been three or four years in coming forth in their original form; and, being read with eager satisfaction, they gave us the assurance that the author had not forgotten us or himself.

And yet our expectations are not fulfilled. We cannot let him off so easily. Such writers as he, by giving us somewhat of their treasures, create a fierce and exacting appetency for more. We hope that he will not compel us to be content with the rather ascetic comfort which we can extract for ourselves by an adaptation of two of his own lines:

> Well, maybe more love with the less gift goes:
> For fewer, an half needs, to toast our toes.

The *Saturday Review*, the other day, in a genial article upon Mr. Lowell, pointed out the two faults which it had noticed in his prose writings—namely, "an over-confident tone, coming too pointedly *ex cathedra*, and a grotesqueness of illustration." The first of these we had not ourselves thought of; probably because our spiritual attitude toward Mr. Lowell is such as to make it seem to us entirely natural for him to utter his oracles from the professor's chair. We have since looked over once more the essay—that on Rousseau and the Sentimentalists—in which, it was mentioned, this blemish specially exhibits itself; and, though without this hint the quality of style now spoken of might have continued to escape us, we confess that the English critic is right. As to the other fault—the "grotesqueness of illustration"—this is something which has been often alluded to, and which Higginson has touched upon gently by saying of Lowell that, "though never coarse, he shows sometimes a want of discriminating taste." The most glaring example of this is that one in the paper on "Italy," for which the author has already been considerably punished, where, after saying that "a waterfall in type is likely to be a trifle stiffish," and that on that theme "even Byron's pump *seeks* sometimes, and gives an unpleasant dry wheeze," he adds atrociously: "But Milton is the only man who has got much poetry out of a cataract, and that was a cataract in his eye." Following that cruel and horrible jest, any instance of literary crime will be tame. One of the examples which the *Saturday Review* cites is this sentence from "Shakespeare Once More": "Hamlet and the 'Novum Organon' were at the risk of teething and the measles at the same time." Which, it will be understood, is a grotesque way of saying that the illustrious authors of these two works had a contemporaneous childhood. Of this and other kindred examples the English critic properly remarks that they "are relics of the bobbledehoy stage of literary production," and "are serious blemishes in a style making just pretensions to maturity."

But we have, dwelt longer than we meant to do upon this side of our subject.

To the reader of Lowell's prose we may say what Coleridge once said to a reader of the prose of Milton: "He must be always on his duty; he is surrounded with sense." Lowell has caught from his deep study of the Elizabethan writers a style of sentence long, involved, and rather cumbrous; but, like them, too, every clause, every syllable is weighted with meaning. It will not do to skip. That game of intellectual leap-frog which we learn to play in reading the newspapers, and, indeed, most modern books, we must lay aside here. There is everywhere a profusion of riches of the brain; there is constant astonishment from unexpected analogies, wide-sweeping philosophical conclusions, learned allusions, and intuitions flashing to the bottom of things.

One of the great qualities of Lowell is his power of putting a whole train of logical argumentation into a single image and of carrying us to the result by the divine energy of poetic inspiration and insight. Thus, speaking of Lessing, he says: "To the Germans, with their weak nerve of sentimentalism, his brave common sense is a far wholesomer tonic than the cynicism of Heine, which is, after all, *only sentimentalism sowred*." Into the last three words, which we have italicized, he has driven the conclusion of multitudinous debate over the mocking protagonist of the Sons of Light. Take this, also: "Fastidiousness is only another form of egotism; and all men who know not where to look for truth save in the narrow cell of self will find their own image at the bottom, and mistake it for what they are seeking."

We do not know any other living writer who has such power of concentrating criticism. "Mr. Burke was a snob, though an inspired one." "Among the ancients we find no trace of sentimentalism. Their masculine mood, both of body and mind, left no room for it; and hence the bracing quality of their literature, compared with that of recent times—its tonic property, that seems almost too astringent to palates relaxed by a daintier diet. The first great example of the degenerate modern tendency was Petrarch. A more perfect specimen of the type has not since appeared. An intellectual voluptuary, a moral *dilettante*; the first instance of that character, since too common—the gentleman in search of a sensation." So, also, might be quoted his compact estimates of Wordsworth, Ben Jonson, Dryden, and Pope.

Indeed, Mr. Lowell's power of giving us in brief phrase the results of wide studies is one which covers his pages with apophthegms that are diamonds.

Should any of our readers wish to have this summer a holiday from the tyranny of our commonplace lives and thoughts, and to be carried for a few royal days into the upper air of the best literature, we bid them, whether by sea, mountain, or prairie, to add to their most valued possessions by procuring and communing with the only two specimens we yet have of Lowell's prose.

ART IN OXFORD.*

To reconcile the busy modern world—with all its utilitarianism, its sordidness, its polemical modes of thought—to art, has been the ordained work of Ruskin. To reconcile the world to art, and, in order to this, to reconcile art to the world. For, from the time that the "graduate of Oxford" first took pen to attack the puerilities that had grown up in modern art, Ruskin has not failed to understand that the divorce between art and life had been by mutual disagreement. Modern life was unfriendly and unappreciative to art; and art, in its turn, from sheer lack of just criticism and kindly appreciation, had degenerated into stiffness and conventional imitations, and so had not only fallen out with life, but with itself as well. This was especially true among the English-speaking peoples. With a vague reverence for art, we have but little true sympathy with it; and it was sorely needed that an interpreter should rise up who should help our art to understand itself, and who should explain to us that art belongs as much to our day as to any other—that it is more needed in an age of iron and coal than ever before.

In the work before us Ruskin is more than ever, it seems to us, the Interpreter of nature, of life, of religion, of utilities, as well as of art. Here he is, so it seems to us, the great preacher of ethics in esthetics, of esthetics in ethics as well.

First, we have his inaugural, which is filled with the sadness of the true prophet who laments that his righteous denunciations have not yet effected their purpose—the sadness of a despondency natural to one whose hands are stretched out all the day to a people who learn but slowly. How tenderly and pathetically he pleads for a love of art above all thought of its profitableness. After this opening lecture, he treats of the relation of art to religion; and, if we have admired Ruskin before, how can we enough admire him now? There is here a vein of such noble Christian philanthropy, a demand that all humanity shall be consecrated by the hand of charity, a conception of the true spirit of Christianity which can make all ground holy; there is here a sublime understanding of the breadth of the claims of Christianity, that lifts this little work above all that have gone before. At last, then, our Interpreter, who has explained art to itself, and who has explained art to modern life, comes now to interpret Christianity itself, not only to art, but to humanity. He himself, thus eloquently, thus nobly, gives the sum of what he says and would say on the relation of art to religion: "That we *may* have splendor of art again, and with that we may truly praise and honor our Maker, and with that set forth the beauty and holiness of all he has made; but only after we have striven with our whole hearts first to sanctify the temple of the body and spirit of every child that has no roof to cover its head from the cold, and no walls to guard its soul from corruption in this our English land."

There has been a wider disagreement between art and philanthropy than between art and any other element of our modern life; and by this noble preaching, of which the book is full, does Mr. Ruskin bridge the chasm. The two greatest preachers of the Christian religion, as Christ taught it, in this year of grace, are Wendell Phillips, in Boston, and John Ruskin, in Oxford. If the Christian Church could but understand, as Ruskin presents it, that it is not in weeping over the agonies of the Christ, but in relieving the miseries of his poor and neglected children, that we worship him most truly; that our very splendor of church architecture is a desecration, while we forsake the poor; if this great sermon of the Oxford lecturer could but awaken us, we might learn the beauty of holiness and self-sacrifice.

But Mr. Ruskin preaches all the way through. The great thoughts of life and its significance seem to have entered his very soul. The third lecture is on the relation of art to morals. We wish we could give some adequate expression to this noble discourse in our columns. From sentences so golden one can hardly select. But hear him pleading for the holiness of the six days' work as well as of the seventh's rest: "With the multitude that keep holiday we may perhaps sometimes vainly have gone up to the house of the Lord, and vainly there asked for what we fancied would be mercies; but for the few who labor as their Lord would have them the mercy needs no seeking, and their wide home no hallowing. Surely, goodness and mercy shall *follow* them *all* the days of their life; and they shall dwell in the house of the LORD FOR EVER."

In many of his positions we think Mr. Ruskin is wrong. Railroads, manufactories, machinery, and cinders he seems to think the enemies alike of art and of the poorer classes. But surely there was poverty and misery and anguish in England before these, and surely caste and class legislation has more to do with poverty than steam or iron or coal. And mills need not be unsightly and hideous. The susceptibility of Mr. Ruskin's fine organization has made him fail at a point where the Interpreter ought not to fail. So that we find the lecture on the relation of art to use somewhat spoiled by an unphilosophical sensitiveness of nerve. So of the denunciations of photographs, in the discourse on light. But, taken as a whole, we know of no book that is so calculated to evangelize the thinking classes as this thin volume.

Some time ago, in these columns, a correspondent mentioned the sale of Ruskin's exceedingly valuable collection of paintings, and suggested that he must be insane. Perhaps this placing of philanthropy above art may explain the sale of the pictures. At any rate, the insanity that can write such words as these is a blessed one. It is more like the insanity of Him who was said to be a Samaritan and to have a devil than anything we now know in the literary world.

THE RELIGIOUS QUARTERLIES.

WE like to notice the July reviews together; and for this season we always wait a week or two for the *Bibliotheca Sacra* and the *North American Review*, and generally for the *New Englander*. The latter is in season, for a wonder; and for the others we will wait no longer. The *New Englander* and the *Christian Quarterly* bear a special grudge against the Pope. We are, therefore, not surprised to find in the former one of L. W. Bacon's cutting, provoking articles, telling us "How the Rev. Dr. Steere Bettered his Position." If this last pervert to Romanism can read this article without opening his eyes, and also doubling his fists, he must have less logic and more grace than common. We see in this article no confirmation of the rumor that its author intends to follow his example. In other articles, Prof. C. K. Adams gives the origin of the Franciscan Friars; Prof. Hoppin writes appreciatively of H. W. Beecher; Prof. Dwight adds something to what his colleague, Prof. Porter, had previously said about Yale College; and Prof. Day criticises McCosh's Logic. Pressensé's address favoring the exclusion of the Bible from the schools we noticed last week. The book notices are not up to the usual mark. The first book noticed has four pages given to it, and does not deserve to have its name announced.

The *Christian Quarterly* commits a great blunder in not giving the names of its contributors. It is one of the best quarterlies we receive. It discusses infallibility in a capital article; though, to our apprehension, the ablest paper is that on "Christian Experience," an argument against the notion of an objective "witness of the Spirit," which somehow assures us of our acceptance with God, and which we can distinguish certainly from anything subjective within us.

The *American Presbyterian Review* lacks adaptation to the times. It has not a single article that is more relevant to 1870 than to 1850, unless it be a rather ordinary criticism of Huxley's "Protoplasm." The paper which will be most read, but mainly for its author's sake, is that by Albert Barnes on "Sin and Suffering in the Universe." We turned eagerly to Leonard Withington on "The Felicity of God"; but he is fragmentary, and not equal to most of what he has written. We must commend the book notices. They are excellent and numerous. Why cannot some one of the five editors find time to read the proof? The blunders that appear are shocking. "Gnostics or Manichees" appears as "Gnostics a Manichees"; "Calvinism" becomes "Calvanism" (think of that in *The American Presbyterian Review*!); and *such* Latin! "*sedēs*" for "*sētis*," "*Aquei*" for "*atque*," "*ignes*" for "*ignes*," and "*Virgilii*" for "*Virgilii*," all in three successive lines; "*Eulesia*" for "*Ecclesia*," and "*immedicabele vulneus*" for "*immedicabile vulnus*."

The *Methodist Quarterly* is one of the best *edited* reviews that comes to our table. We believe that no man in the Methodist Church has done so much as its editor, Dr. Whedon, to elevate the standard of scholarship among the clergy. We believe that no man in the Methodist Church has done so much as its editor, Dr. Whedon, to elevate the standard of scholarship among the clergy. We would call especial attention to the spirited way in which Dr. Whedon takes the rebuff which the Southern Methodists gave the Northern Methodist Commission of Conference. He calls on his denomination to remember that already it has in the South half as many members as the other body, and that there is by political conversion and by immigration a "New South" coming there, which affords the most promising field for work.

The *Baptist Review*—conspicuous in its bright covers, as if fresh from the green meadows through which flow its Jordans—opens with an article on "Miracles," criticising Professor Phelps's book on "The New Birth." "Subterranean Rome" is full of interest. President Sampson's article on "Bible Chronology" is of no special value, but is remarkable more for what it omits than for what it gives. It knows absolutely nothing later than Bunsen, and is simply the criticism of Bunsen's neology by a man who knows nothing of the real arguments against it. From the following sentence we have in vain tried to disentangle grammar or sense: "We find even from Bunsen himself that the points of contact upon the *undated* and only *hinted* record of Egyptian *monuments* is all explained with dates and fully recorded incidents in the *Hebrew* historic *documents*." Prof. J. L. Lincoln writes a scholarly article on Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi," and Dr. Howard Crosby discusses "The True Humanity of Christ." The review of Lange's "Romans" by Prof. Conant and of Lowell's "Cathedral" are well worth reading, and the latter does more justice to the faults of the poem than anything else we have seen.

Our list concludes with the *Congregational Review* (bi-monthly), in which the most noticeable article is Dr. Post's eloquent address at the Chicago Congregational Jubilee meeting. Dr. W. W. Patton argues for Infant Baptism; and President A. Mahan gives a characteristic article on Anti-theism and Science, full of the forces of logic, but utterly inappreciative of the science whose vagaries he would confute. He is one of those men who ought to learn that the defense of the faith is not committed especially to them. They mislead, by their pretense of learning, the ordinary clergy, who get their arguments at second hand; and they disgust their opponents, whose positions they misstate. Nothing can be more unfair than his representation (p. 322) of Darwin. The book table is very good, especially the notices of the Sinaitic Manuscript and of Thayer's "Communion Wine," which last is unmercifully criticised. In both we think we see Prof. Bartlett's hand. A scholar somewhat acquainted with the Bible and with other literature should correct the proof; and then Dr. Post would not be shocked by the "Burden of *Durnah*," and we should not wonder who is the "Dean *French*" who has written on "Proverbs and their Lessons."

—The latest of the sciences still in the process of development of which students talk so much, is that of archæology, though we need some better term by which to define it. It is the geology of man. It attempts to go back of all written records, and to construct a history of pre-historic man by piecing together the records of a skull here and a jaw-bone there; a chip of flint in gravel, and the cracked femur of a mammoth dug out of cave-clay or breccia; hatchets, and arrow-heads, and barrows, and cromlechs, and kitchen-middens, and all the clear or obscure remains of primeval men. The facts on this subject are scattered through inaccessible scientific reports and expensive foreign monographs on particular caves or lake-dwellings. The English reader who would know the facts must either read Lyell or Sir John Lubbock. But on such a subject five years suffice to make a book quite out of date, and such is the character of Lyell's. Sir J. Lubbock has collected a vast amount of valuable matter, and his studies are fresh and from a master; but he will not attract the popular reader. And then his acceptance of the development theory as related to man, and his faith in the extreme antiquity of many of these remains, prejudice many against him. We are heartily glad to receive from D. Appleton & Co. a beautiful work on this subject, which is just what the people want. It is Figuier's *Primitive Man*, translated into English, but retaining all the original French plates. No people understand like the French the art of making useful knowledge just popular and sensational enough to catch the common mind. Here are all the important facts, explained and profusely illustrated. Of the dozen full-page plates we have nothing very good to say. They have the merit of being striking; but never have we seen such idealized representations of the noble savage. Why, you would think the earliest inhabitants of Europe—who certainly were as coarse and filthy and tawny and unpoetical as the blubber-eating Esquimaux—had the grace and features of Apollo and the Muses. But when we come to the figures of articles of archæological interest, here we find just what we want and in rich abundance. Everything is figured out. Is your notion of a dolmen or of a cromlech somewhat misty? Here they are. Every sort of implement for peace or war, for domestic use, or for the chase, is here put into a picture; and in such a work pictures are more valuable than any description can be. Of course, very little attention is paid to American antiquities, partly because they have been insufficiently studied. We prophesy the time will come before long when scarce any other study will attract more of our students. The hieroglyphs of Palenque will be deciphered and the history of American races cleared up. Readers should be warned that the several Ages of Stone, Bronze, and Iron are by no means so distinct as M. Figuier represents them, and that the best authorities are sadly at variance in reference to the length of time during which man has occupied Europe. We have yet to see satisfactory proof that ten thousand years would not be an extreme limit.

—It seems quite the habit of a certain class of literary women in England to prove their own femininity by demonstrating the inferiority of their sex. Elizabeth Strutt, in her work, *The Feminine Soul*, starts out correctly enough, so far as we can see. She maintains and proves from Genesis the equality of the sexes, while maintaining also their diversity. But while the diversity of the average feminine from the average masculine mind may be an easy thing to think of, it is a difficult thing to state with precision; and, in the statement of it, Mrs. Strutt goes far toward proving her assertion that women cannot generalize. Here, surely, is one woman who cannot; for she bases the broadest conclusions on the meagerest possible foundation of fact, and the book is a collection of toppling inverted pyramids. No wise advocate of equal rights for woman will maintain that men and women think and feel alike. On the contrary, so wide and deep is the distinction that it is a work of supererogation for the law to attempt to protect Nature in this respect. And, while the law is not needed to keep the sexes each within its own bounds, the exceptions are so many that the law, in building the partition wall, will do great injustice to these exceptional cases. We want a law that will admit a woman like Mrs. Stanton to Congress. But we do not expect that many women will desire to go, or would be adapted to congressional duty, if elected. Let the law recognize only human beings, and leave sexual differences, which are not half so great as individual differences, to regulate themselves. (Boston: H. H. & T. W. Carter.)

—*The Threefold Cord of the Holy Trinity*, by John H. Egar, B. D., (Phila.: Lippincott), is a carefully-reasoned treatment of the great questions of grace in the sacraments and out of them. We cannot but differ entirely from Mr. Egar's views. We think that the natural and divinely-appointed progress of Christian thought, the natural development of the race under the tuition of Christianity, the growth of the church itself toward maturity, is ever a shaking off of the cerements of religion, a coming more and more to appreciate that which is central, unseen, spiritual, and to appreciate it in its own essence. To us the sacraments seem to possess no mystical or unseen grace. They have an objective influence upon the soul; they are given as symbollic lessons to a faith that is generally too weak to learn without their help; but we think that any conception of mystical grace in a sacrament, in an order of men or in the church itself, further than the intrinsic value of these as educators, is a notion not Christian, but Romanist, Judaistic, and in some sense Pagan. We say this with the utmost liberality and love for those whose spirits, misled, as we think, by an excessive reverence, find comfort and culture in a Christianity mossed and ivy-grown with sacraments, observances, and ecclesiasticism.

—In common with many of our contemporaries, we have done a grievous wrong to Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, the author of "Waiting for the Verdict." We attributed to her the stupid, unjust, and altogether foolish book, *Pro Aris et Focis*. This book claims to be written by the author of "Waiting for the Verdict"; and we, and we suppose our contemporaries, were unaware of the fact that there were two novels with this title. We make our humblest apology to Mrs. Davis; for, though our offense was a mistake natural enough under the circumstances, it wrought a great wrong. Nothing much worse could be said of a lady than that she wrote the book in question. Much as we are disposed to criticise the earlier works of the author of "Life in the Iron Mills," on account of their hopelessness and their horrible suggestions of a cruel fatality, we yet thought at the time, that it was all but incredible that a writer of such gifts as Mrs. Davis unquestionably has should have slandered her sex as shamelessly as the writer of *Pro Aris et Focis* has done. We beg Mrs. Davis's pardon for believing it possible, even with the deceptive title-page before us.

—We are glad to learn that Hurd & Houghton are hoping to complete the American Edition of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible by the beginning of winter. It grows on our admiration, and is the nine out of which later compilers quarry their material. Every number we receive increases our pride in the American edition, which contains many very valuable improvements. In the 28th and 29th numbers we find, besides frequent bibliographical and other critical additions of Ezra Abbot, LL.D., who is responsible for the accuracy of the whole, important geographical additions by Dr. S. Wolcott, such as that on "Sodom," and quite a number of short articles in addition, like that on "Tanner," relating to Palestinian antiquities. President Woolsey, who has published at considerable length on this subject, gives the pith of it in his addition to "Taxing" at the time of Christ's birth. We also notice that Prof. C. M. Mead writes on "Testament," and "F. G." on "Staphen" and some other subjects.

—*The Broken Seal;* or, Personal Reminiscences of the Morgan Abduction and Murder, by Samuel D. Greene, (Boston: for the author, by H. H. & T. W. Carter), is the full title of a work reviving the memories of the anti-Masonic excitement. That Masonry incidentally does harm we have not a doubt; that the Morgan abduction was an infamous crime we cannot question. But few can now understand the reason for the bitterness of the old anti-Masonic warfare. The order at present seems to us amenable chiefly to a charge of comparative uselessness—that is, that it does not accomplish anything worthy of so large a consumption of time and energy. But the character of the great body of its members renders it impossible for us to believe all that its opponents say about the wickedness of its spirit and purposes. Its worst effect, we think, is that it takes men from home in the evenings. It shares the evils of all clubs.

—With the strongest prejudice in favor of the dear Danish story-teller, Hans Andersen, we cannot but wish that he had stuck to his stories of the wild, weird kind. We do not altogether like his *O. T., A Romance*. It is strange enough, and has a Norseland charm about it; but the habits of a teller of marvelous tales are not wholly favorable to romance writing. As a story-teller, Andersen makes a world of improbabilities; and, as improbability is the law of his world, his fancy is without fetters. But a romance owes something (not much, maybe; but something, at least) to the ordinary sequence of events in this everyday sphere. Under these limitations we think good Hans chafes a little, and through them we think he breaks quite unlawfully now and then. But this story is beautiful, if it is a little disjointed; touching and sweet, if it is somewhat improbable.

—For those who like a novel all plot, inextricable plot, villainy and fate conspiring for the destruction of innocence, innocence forever tottering on the brink of destruction; for those who like the horrible, well wrought up by ingenious stage-carpentry, villainy, and insanity combined, we know no writer equal to Wilkie Collins. "Do you read the murders?" we heard one street-boy ask another, the other day. "Yes; I just love 'em," was the reply. For those who love the attenuated thread of a narrative of villainy, drawn out to its utmost ductility, Wilkie Collins's *Man and Wife* will be just the book; and to such readers we highly commend it as better than a murder trial. If any scoundrel wishes to know just how to butcher his wife in the most perfect and undiscoverable way, we commend the plan therein suggested as the best we have ever met. (Harper & Brothers.)

—*Charles Dickens*, a Sketch of his Life and Works, by F. B. Perkins, (Putnam), is a "made" book, the information having been hastily collected, to satisfy the popular demand of the hour. As such, it has some of the faults of its class; but is, on the whole, one of the very best of its class. What the writer had to do with the clergyman's controversy we do not know; at least, we cannot see the appropriateness of his allusions to it.

—*Christendom*, by Chas. Girdlestone, M. A., (London: Sampson Low, Son & Marston), is a general view of Christendom, past and present, and doubtless has its value; though the author sees things so constantly through the narrow, anti-popish prejudices of an English evangelical clergyman as to detract very much from the breadth of his view.

—*Songs of Salvation*, by Theo. E. Perkins and Alfred Taylor. Judged by the low standard that Mr. Bradbury established, and that his successors have carefully ma

Farm and Garden.

AGRICULTURAL EXCURSION TO CALIFORNIA.

An excursion party of twenty-five New York journalists and friends left New York Tuesday, July 19th, on an extended tour to the West, via Chicago, Omaha, to Salt Lake City and San Francisco, with the view of making an interesting and pleasant agricultural visit to the most important points of observation in the Far West and on the Pacific Coast. The following papers are represented in the party:

N. Y. Tribune	J. B. LYMAN.
North and Home	H. L. READE.
N. Y. Independent	HENRY T. WILLIAMS.
N. Y. World	A. B. CRANDELL.
Rural New Yorker	X. A. WILLARD.
Phrenological Journal	S. R. WELLS.
Springfield Republican	SOPHIE O. JOHNSON.
Massachusetts Ploughman	SAM. F. NOYES.
Prairie Farmer	MR. EMERY.
Troy Times	F. B. CURTIS.
Norwich Bulletin	
Fornich Advertiser	
Farmers' Club, N. Y.	HON. J. V. C. SMITH, PROF. J. A. WHITNEY, P. T. QUINN.

The party will return through Kansas and Missouri to St. Louis, and thence through various portions of Illinois and Ohio, reaching New York August 20th.

COUNTRY HOUSES.—WHERE TO BUILD THEM.

Our readers have often seen country houses built low in a moist valley, close to a sluggish-moving stream, or, again, near a lifeless pond; and, if inquiry is made as to the health of the surrounding neighborhood, you are not surprised to hear that *fevers* are frequent; and scarcely a season passes but one or more members of the family are affected with peculiar and serious diseases. Such localities, full of miasmatic vapors, as they inevitably must be, breed pestilence after pestilence, and sure as fate dwarf the energies of those who live there, and cut down many an active frame, who, in better location, might have lived and built up a noble life and gained a fortune and reputation. This subject of the location of our country houses is hardly less important than that of knowing how to till a farm profitably. If a farmer, with the most beautiful land the sun ever shone upon, still persists in keeping his family confined to a damp, unhealthy house, he is surely laying the seeds for the physical decay of himself and his household; and ere long that beautiful farm shows the traces of a weak, nerveless management, and runs down year by year. Farmers, to be successful, must always be *bright, active*, with strong, well-toned abilities, keeping both physical and mental energies constantly maintained in the highest and best order. If a farmer lets himself "*run down*," and grow weak and weary, his farm will be only a reflex of himself; and it does not take long for the world to learn another instance of how a fine farm and fortune were lost, simply because the owner persisted in sticking to his poor, unhealthy house and malarious neighborhood.

A Southern writer, we believe, in the *Baltimore American*, who has seen so many instances of impaired constitutions and early disease, decay, and death arise from the wrong location of country dwellings, gives a few practical notes of advice, especially appropriate and sensible.

"A house should not be built over a 'filling,' or on 'bottom-land,' unless a perfect system of draining has been adopted; otherwise miasm will certainly visit the family. But the deleterious influence of this insidious cause of disease is believed to be avoided if the dwelling is erected on the highest branch of a stream, if such exists, running through or near the farm; for such miasm is not supposed to pass a stream of swift-running water. Hence, if one bank of the river be level and bad, the other higher and rolling, better far will be the latter, for then the miasm of the former cannot cross the stream, but a pond or flat land, and the house must be built in the vicinity, fails to that the prevailing winds from June to October shall blow from the house toward the pond or flat land; for miasm, being a gas or air, is carried before the wind.

"Vigorous-growing bushes, hedges, or trees between a miasm-producing locality and the dwelling antagonize the prejudicial influences, by first being seeming to absorb and feed on the miasm; but there should be a space thirty to fifty yards between the hedge and the house. The latter and broader and closer the hedge and the nearer the leaves are to the ground the better, for the baleful effects of miasm gropes on the surface in its direct malignity, and is seldom concentrated enough at the light of ten feet to be mortally hurtful to man. And here another consideration is presented—that in malarious districts sleeping apartments on the earth-floor should be avoided whilst sickness, or the season thereof, exists in such localities. Again, says an eminent physician, "is confined by cold, made heavy, and falls to the earth—hovering, as it were, within a foot of the surface; hence, is not breathed, unless a child sleeps on the ground. On the other hand, as it rarefies miasm is so to make it comparatively noxious. Hence, the coolness of the early morning and of sundown threw the miasm to the surface by condensing or contracting it, and thus making it heavy; while best of the day of a summer's sun rarefied and lightened the miasm as to send it upward to the clouds." For these reasons it is evident that miasm is most dangerous at sunset and sunrise.

"When the sun begins to rise in the morning miasm begins to warm and to ascend; therefore breakfast it is so high as to be above the point at which it can be breathed, and it is also rarefied and attenuated as to be less noxious. It will thus be seen that the two ends of the twenty-four hours of the day are delightful for rousing the fields for work or which are most desirable for the human inhabitant to perform his labors more closely those, in the malarious districts which we are speaking—the cool of the morning and the late evening—which is best for him to remain within doors. But the effect—vouched for by undoubted authority who have given the subject their special study, and who have urged that it should be made known and repeated millions of times through the public prints every year, as the information has reached every farming-dwelling in the United States—that there is no infallible preventive of ill effects from exposure to miasm in the open air but sunrise and sunset, and one that is of practical application under almost every circumstances—that is, by a hearty and warm breakfast before to put their heads out of doors in the morning, and by taking their suppers just before sundown. The philosophy of the matter is that a hearty meal so excites the circulation so invigorates the whole frame that it has the power of resisting the disease-inducing influences of miasm. A neglect of this simple precaution, in certain districts where malaria is known to exist in a concentrated form, is a cause of death so common as to be known and guarded against by most uneducated laborers.

"In Louisiana, where vegetation is rank in growth, upon which the summer's sun beams with fiery power for many hours every day, the poor class of the inhabitants, whether white or black, from northern climes, have a breakfast—or, at least, a cup of hot coffee, with milk—brought to their beds before they get up of a morning. The use of this practice is known and applied all over the South; so that, while greatly better, as before observed, to the causes of disease altogether, by the house where miasm cannot reach the poor, or sluggish streams, or bottom-land, whose house is already thus built not without an efficient remedy in other suggested above.

"Another fact, simple enough, which should be made known in this connection, is, that those who are compelled to live in subject to miasm should during the time in which it is liable to perform its work—that is, between June and October—refrain from kindled and burning fire about the house, or in the family sitting-room, morning, evening and remain there, at least, until they partaken of their morning or evening meal.

"Open up the whole matter, it is found, that miasm does not cross a wide or stream; second, that it is absorbed by dense, luxuriant foliage; third, that it is turned against the wind; and, lastly, cannot ascend a high, steep hill.

"In building, it is necessary that no cellar should be built under that part of the house which is to be occupied as a place to eat and sleep and live in, whether in town or country; but as, in the country, the cellar is regarded as an indispensable part of the house, the greatest precaution should be exercised to insure cleanliness and pure air with ventilation, preventing it from becoming the fruitful source of sickness and suffering. Farmers, too, generally make their cellars the receptacles of every variety of vegetables and fruits, more or less of which are bruised in the storage, and become rotten, or are in an unripe condition, and thus become putrid by fermentation without the aid of much heat. The gases, therefore, are constantly ascending, and are liable to affect every room in the house with an unwholesome atmosphere. Moreover, the cellar, being out of sight, is apt to be made a receptacle of all that is old and unseemly, as well as the kitchen offal, by the laziness of bad housekeepers or unprincipled servants.

"Every cellar should be so contrived that, either by its grating or windows or doors, it may be easily and thoroughly ventilated an hour or two every day in the year. This is often very perfectly done by a fine running into the chimney. Shelves in the cellar should not be placed against a wall, but suspended from the ceiling; which is better on several accounts, as a prevention against vermin, and as giving more floor-room, and enabling the whitewashing, which should not be neglected, to be more thoroughly done.

REMEDY FOR LICE IN POULTRY HOUSES.—Mr. D. B. Buren says: "I was troubled with hen-lice very much, and listened to everybody's directions and tried everything. Still no relief came. My hen-house had a dry sand bottom. I mixed ashes with the sand; but no good. I put lime in the nest; but no good. At last, I thought of the virtues of brimstone. I took a box, cut, and furnished with charcoal and sulphur. I used two or five pounds, and it made a big smoke. The neighbors thought the building was on fire; but it wasn't. And the result was that the lice were all killed, and I have seen no more of them.

AGRICULTURAL.

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HINTS FOR THE JULY FLOWER GARDEN.

Many of our lady readers will also find the following hints from a lately published floral book, "*A Simple Flower Garden*," also very suitable for this month's gardening operations.

TRAINING.

With the warm weather of this month comes the lighter work of training and guiding the new luxuriant plants. In this the habit or manner of growth must be considered. Vines, like the climbing roses, maranda, and nasturtium, must have suitable trellises to which they may cling or be fastened. The grower's taste must be the guide in the matter of style and position of the trellis. The only point to be observed is that the trellis shall not shade any other plant. Sometimes vines are allowed to sweep over the ground in seeming freedom. The effect is very pretty, if care is taken not to let the vine invade other plants. Plants like the carnation, that need the support of a stake, to which they are tied, must now receive attention. A common lath, sawn in two, will make a cheap stake. The plant must not be fastened tightly, but have room to expand as they grow.

Plants that creep over the ground, like the verbena, are greatly improved by being pegged down. This is nothing more than using the hair-pins, or twigs from a tree, so cut that one end can grasp the stem of the plant and the other be thrust into the ground. The best twine for tying plants, or for any other work about flowers or plants, is what is known as shoemaker's linen thread. It can be found at the shoe-finding stores. This matter of training plants, either in the house or garden, is one that the grower's own taste must mainly guide as best it may.

CUTTING FLOWERS.

To do this in the garden seems a very simple affair; yet upon the way it is done depends the size of the crop. The usual way is to cut all flowers with a long stem. It may seem unnatural and almost barbarous to do so; but the true way, for the greater part of our flowers, is to remove them without a stem. Roses of all kinds should be cut with a long stem. The longer the better, provided other buds are not destroyed.

The carnation, and all plants that bear their flowers in clusters, should be removed without stems. The heliotrope should have a very short stem, and the verbena should only be cut off as far down as the first leaf. A bit of iron wire will serve for a stem, if it is desired to make the flowers into a bouquet. If they are placed in shallow dishes, which is the best way to display them, stems are of no consequence.

THE TIME FOR CUTTING.

This is always just after sundown, unless a storm is feared that will destroy them before they can be cut in the evening. On cloudy days it does not make so much difference. The explanation of this is to be found in the state of the sap in the plant at different times of the day. From the earliest dawn until sundown the leaves are actively drawing upon the roots and the sap is flowing freely. At sundown this ceases, and the leaves are nearly dormant till morning. The plant is taking its rest—is asleep. The sap may be accumulating, but is not flowing rapidly, as during the day.

A flower cut in the sunshine will wilt at once, and if not put into water will quickly perish. A flower cut at sunset will remain fresh all night, even if it is not put in water. If put in a close, hot room, it will fade in an hour; but in a cool place will not appear to change for many hours. Flowers cut, therefore, at evening will keep the longest and afford the most pleasure.

In this connection it must be kept in mind that no rose should be allowed to expand fully. Cut them all while in bud. This may be applied to every flower. It costs more to bring one flower to full maturity than to produce a dozen buds. Therefore, cut as soon as in condition, and cut them all. To suffer the flowers to fade on a plant and to go to seed is to lose nine-tenths of the whole crop. Freedom and generosity in the matter of cutting flowers is the best policy and the truest economy.

THE TUBEROSE.

This can hardly be called a simple flower; yet, as it costs no more to grow a good plant than a poor one, this splendid flower should be admitted into our little handkerchief garden. The simplest way to cultivate one is to purchase a bulb, already started, from some reliable florist. It should be growing during July in what is called a seven-inch pot, and should have a cluster of well-developed leaves. The price will be about fifty cents.

When the plant arrives, it should be sunk in the ground up to the rim of the pot. During dry weather it must be watered whenever the soil in the pot becomes dry. Nothing more need be done to it, except to tie the flower-stem to a stake as soon as it is a foot high. In September it will be removed to the house for blooming.

A WALK IN THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

SELECT LIST OF FUCHSIAS.

The following is a list of some of the choicest varieties: Arabella, white tube and sepals, with reflexed corolla, rich rose. The best early variety. Empress, an exceedingly graceful variety. Large, long, white corolla, crimson tube and sepals. First of the Day, finely expanded, lavender corolla, scarlet tube and sepals. Luster, vivid crimson-vermillion corolla; tube and sepals waxy white, elegantly reflexed; good habits and free bloomer. Minstrel, pink tube, and sepals horizontally reflexed, rosy lavender corolla. Puritani, white corolla, carmine sepals. Rose of Castile, blush white, carmine corolla. Souvenir de Cheswich, rosy crimson tube, violet corolla. Elm City, sepals enclosing corolla forming rich crimson balls, and dwarf, compact habit. Grand Duke, bright crimson, reflexed sepals, violet purple corolla; large. Marksman, tube and sepals bright carmine, corolla very large and full double, finely expanded and flat, of a rich dark violet color; free grower, extra fine. Mastadonte, immense flowers of globular shape, deep crimson sepals, very dark corolla. Sir Colin Campbell, scarlet tube, dark purple corolla. Symbol, crimson tube and sepals, the latter reflexed; creamy white double corolla; extra fine.

GERANIUMS.

A lady correspondent of the *N. E. Farmer*, whose garden is always bright and beautiful with flowers, says her beds are now particularly brilliant in geraniums and pelargoniums. A large border is given up to them, and they are one mass of scarlet, cherry, pink, salmon, white, striped, and spotted. A glorious combination! The variegated leaved varieties—*Mrs. Pollock, Golden Pheasant, Golden Vase, Cloth of Gold*, and *Mountain of Snow*—gleam like jewels under the bright rays of the sun. Their flowers are scarlet, but very inferior in size to the *Zonales*; so we gather all the buds, thereby throwing the strength of the plant into its leaves, which form a perfect edging to dishes of flowers. A lovely vase or dish can be made of several sizes of plates. Take the largest size the pantry holds; edge it with the leaves of *Mrs. Pollock*, mingled with white flowers—feverfew, white candytuft, or any pure white blossoms; turn water into the plates, and cover a smaller plate, bottom side down, upon it. Around the edge of this arrange leaves of *Mountain of Snow*, or any of the silver-edged varieties; place among them scarlet verbenas or geraniums, or any scarlet flower you may have; turn in the water, cover with a smaller plate. Upon this mingle leaves of *Achyranthus* or *Coleus*; if the former, intersperse them with yellow leaves—*Golden Alyssum, Chlora*, or any you can select. Proceed as before, and place a smaller dish on this, and so on, until you have with bright leaves, sweet-scented geranium leaves, and blue delphinium or forget-me-not or blue sage, with a large proportion of white and pink, light, delicate flowers. Over the whole of it put the feathery cleaver or mist, or *Gypsophila muralis* The effect is truly artistic! Purple flowers can be substituted for the blue, if more easily obtained. A lady can make her own selection of colors. The brilliant tropæolums mingle prettily with the dark leaves; the fairy bells of the fuchsias are very lovely among the silver-edged leaves. Do not prune too severely, but keep the plant in shape with the shears.

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The portion of this road now in operation, constituting its northern section, extends from the City of Oswego to Sidney Plains, where it intersects the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad. Its local business is already large, and the Company has just concluded a contract with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company for transporting the coal of that large and wealthy corporation to the northern sections of the state. This will add so largely to the business and profits of that section of the road that the Company feel confident that its net earnings, without the aid of through business, cannot be less than 7 per cent. on its entire cost, which is 100 per cent. in excess of the interest on its bonds; for it must be borne in mind that the issue of these bonds is strictly limited to $20,000 per mile of finished road. They thus possess all the security of the bonds of our oldest and best roads. The road, when completed, will constitute one of the great trunk lines connecting the City of New York with Canada and the West by shorter routes than any now existing; and, as its entire course is through fertile and populous districts, it cannot fail to prove one of the most important and best-paying roads in the Union.

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THE WAR AND THE GOLD GAMBLERS.

THE gold gamblers of New York, last week, made a desperate dash upon the market in two directions: in the one lifting the premium from 112 to 124 as its highest point, in the other depressing the market price of Government bonds. This they did by buying gold in large amounts, and selling Government securities short, calculating to sell out the former and buy in the latter at a profit, and thus to make money both ways. The whole operation, from beginning to end, was purely one of speculation, having no reference to any real scarcity of gold in this market, or any increased demand for it either by banks or by merchants, or any certainty of a large drainage of gold into foreign countries, or any just reason for depreciating the securities of the United States. It was accomplished by a system of *canards* in respect to the war, which answered their purpose for the moment, yet most of which proved to be mere gambling inventions. Rumor—whether justly or unjustly we do not decide—gives the credit of last week's flurry to the German bankers and brokers of New York. We do not know that Germans are sinners above all other men; yet, whoever may be the gamblers thus plotting against the financial credit of the country for purely selfish purposes, we wish them the good luck of losing a round sum of money.

The first shock of war rumors may now be considered as passed. The anticipation and the *canards* about fighting have produced their effect, and brought us to the point where sensible men will think it best to pause and soberly survey the financial situation, and also the prospects of the future. The amount of gold shipped last week was not sufficient to make any noticeable impression upon the supply we have on hand. Nor has there as yet been any return of our securities from abroad, or any ascertained or even probable certainty of such a fact, that need at the present moment to create any special financial alarm.

The strong probabilities are that the war will be a short one, and that the first great conflict of arms between France and Prussia will lead to a treaty of peace. Should this be the fact, then we see no occasion to anticipate any serious, and especially permanent derangement of finances likely to embarrass the money market of this country. We shall have no large drainage of gold to pay for a corresponding return of American securities.

Even if the war should be a long one, lasting for several years, and involving the great nation Europe in the struggle, it by no means follows that it would bring any great calamity to this country, on the supposition that we remain neutral. Such a war means a very great increase of indebtedness on the part of the belligerent nations, and a vast decrease in the home productions of industry with an increased demand for a supply from foreign sources, especially breadstuffs. Looking at this fact simply as traders and our own interests in connection therewith, we see at once a good market for our surplus of agricultural productions; and this surely will be no financial calamity to us. Again, such a war means the suspension of specie payment on the part of the nations engaged in it. No nation, accustomed to use a paper currency, can conduct a great war, if long continued, on the specie basis. We shall hence be subject to no drainage of gold by a foreign demand which we cannot easily bear; especially in view of the fact that our banking business does not rest on a gold basis, and does not, therefore, demand the use of gold for its validity. Still further, such a war means depreciation of the securities of the belligerent nations; and, when the first shock is over, and the markets of this country and Europe have adjusted themselves to the war footing, the credit of American securities, especially Government bonds, will be much more likely to rise than fall. They will be the best investments of capital for two reasons: first, on the score of safety; and, secondly, on account of their larger rate of interest. We have no idea that a long war in Europe will work any financial damage to American credit, or seriously drain the gold of this country by the return of our securities to this market for sale.

Profoundly do we alike deplore and condemn this dynastic war of kings, having in it no principle that deserves to awaken any moral enthusiasm in its favor. It is an appalling anachronism in this nineteenth century, utterly uncalled for except to serve the purposes of national jealousy and ambition. This, we are persuaded, will be the ultimate judgment of history. Yet, looking at this struggle of giants in its commercial and financial relations to this country, we are not among the croakers who are predicting disaster. We see no reason for believing that such will be the result. The gold gamblers, some of whom were severely punished toward the close of last week by a six per cent. fall in the premium on gold, will perhaps try again, and possibly create momentary embarrassments; yet, if the war continues, we shall be financial and commercial gainers by it, rather than losers. Such is our judgment, and we wait for time to confirm or correct it.

A CORRESPONDENT'S QUESTIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT from Michigan writes to us, propounding some questions to which he desires an answer. The first is this: "What is the money center of Europe?" Europe has several money centers. London is one, Paris another, Frankfort another, Berlin another, and Amsterdam another; and, if our correspondent refers to their relative importance in the amounts of their monetary transactions, their banking capital, their foreign as well as domestic loans and exchanges, we answer that London is undoubtedly the "money center" not only of Europe, but also of the world. Here is located the Bank of England, which is the largest and oldest bank in the world. We might verify this answer by comparing the banks and bankers of London with those of the other great cities of Europe; but we content ourselves with this general statement.

Our correspondent wishes us also to define "the character of the *Rentes* in the French finances, and their value in our money." Rente is a French word, meaning yearly income or revenue. In the language of finance it has acquired the same meaning among Frenchmen as stocks among Englishmen. In England the term stocks is confined to government securities, annuities, etc.; and so in France the word "Rentes" has the same limitation of import. In 1798, when the financial condition of France was in great confusion, the entire debt of the government due to emigrants was canceled; two-thirds of the remainder were struck off; and the third that was left was changed into five per cent. annuities, for which public certificates with the seal of the government were given. Thus the debt was funded in perpetual "Rentes." France has long since ceased to reckon her debt according to the amount of capital originally borrowed, and substituted therefor the annual amount to be paid in what we should call interest. In the "*grand livre des dettes publiques*" of the treasury department are registered all these public certificates, with a distinct leaf for every Rente. The stockholder twice a year presents his certificate, receives his half-yearly annuity, has the amount paid stamped on the back of his certificate, and then gives a receipt for the same.

Rentes are, therefore, the funded debt of the French Government in the form of perpetual annuities, bearing three, four and a half, and five per cent. interest, and terminable only when the government shall choose to pay the principal. They are in this respect analogous to the consols or government stocks of England. They have been increased from time to time, till the public debt of France has now reached vast proportions.

A single Rente nominally represents a hundred francs; and a franc is a silver French coin, having the value of eighteen cents and six mills in our money, as established by an act of Congress in 1846. Calling a franc twenty cents in round numbers, a Rente, estimated at par, would be worth twenty dollars. The market price of nearly all these Rentes at the Paris Bourse is generally far below par, and especially so in times of war. The present war has depressed them, as war usually depresses the market value of the securities of all nations engaged in military struggles.

Our correspondent asks why Rentes should "go down in war times," when American securities "went up." Here is quite a mistake on a question of fact in respect to our securities. It is true that our securities "went up" in the late war, if estimated in a depreciated and constantly depreciating currency; but not true if estimated by the gold standard. They went down, just as Rentes are now going down; and since the close of the war they have been rising with the improved credit of the Government.

THE LAST BANK REPORT.

THE last report of the Comptroller of the Currency presents the condition of the national banks of the United States at the close of business on June 9th, 1870. The aggregate number of these banks was 1,612, having liabilities to the amount of $1,565,756,908, which were balanced by an equal amount of resources. The increase of liabilities since March 24th, 1870—the period of the previous bank report—is $36,609,174.

The national banks of New York City are four in number—had liabilities, to be protected by a 25 per cent. reserve, to the amount of $223,153,254, requiring $55,788,313 as their reserve; while holding a reserve of $72,404,492, or a fraction of more than 32 per cent. on their liabilities, which is 7 per cent. in excess of what the law demands. This reserve consisted in $18,735,391 in specie, $36,314,191 in legal-tenders, $17,540,000 in clearing-house certificates, and $9,765,000 in 3 per cent. certificates.

The banks located in redemption cities outside of New York—namely, Boston, Albany, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans, Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukie, St. Louis, and Leavenworth—had $237,033,037 of liabilities to be protected by a reserve, requiring a 25 per cent. reserve of $59,258,269, while their actual reserve was $75,349,899, or nearly 32 per cent. on their liabilities. The number of these banks is one hundred and sixty-two. Their reserve consisted in $5,419,934 in specie, $27,403,820 in legal-tenders, $3,863,000 in clearing-house certificates, $13,045,000 in 3 per cent. certificates, and $25,618,085 in deposits with redeeming banks.

The country banks—1,396 in number—had liabilities to the amount of $406,140,873, requiring a fifteen per cent. reserve of $60,921,131, while their reserve was $92,037,332, or nearly 23 per cent. on their liabilities, which is nearly 8 per cent. more than the law requires. This reserve consisted in $2,912,275 in specie, $35,992,740 in legal-tenders, $3,115,000 in 3 per cent. certificates, and $49,017,310 in deposits with other banks which are redeeming agents in New York and other financial centers. More than half of the reserve held by the country banks is in the form of deposits lying in the vaults of redeeming banks in the large cities, and in many cases drawing a low rate of interest. The actual reserve held by the banks themselves was only $43,020,015.

This exhibit shows, in all the banks taken together, the following figures:

Number of banks	1,612
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Reserve required by law	175,962,713
The reserve actually held	239,791,663
Excess of reserve	63,828,950
Specie reserve	27,117,510
Legal-tender reserve	80,710,751
Reserve in 3 per cent. certificates	23,925,000
Reserve in clearing-house certificates	21,403,000
Deposits with redemption banks	74,625,395

The condition of the national banks, as shown by this statement, is in the main a good one. The only weak point is the large amount of the 15 per cent. reserve required of the country banks and the 25 per cent. reserve required of banks located in redemption cities, which consists in deposits with redemption banks. This amount is greater than the total excess of reserve held by the banks beyond the requirements of the law. These deposits accumulate in redemption banks, especially in the City of New York; and, if suddenly called for in a general bank panic, might endanger the whole system throughout the country. The banks would be in better position if their reserves did not consist so largely in balances due them from other banks.

OUR STABILITY AND OUR SECURITIES.

IF there has ever been a lack of confidence in our stability as a government, in the abundance of our industrial resources, or in the enterprise, faith, confidence, and courage of the great masses of our people, those who, either at home or abroad, have scanned our history during the last decade have had abundant proof of the fallacy of such misgivings, and are now forced to lay aside their carpings, and yield their unbounded faith in and wonder for, our accomplishments.

We have established the fact that—in defiance of the most terrible domestic war known to history, forced upon us without notice, without preparation or means to make it, with scarcely a vestige of an army around which to collect our masses who volunteered to stand by the old flag—that a force adequate was speedily raised and disciplined, and our honor vindicated on many a hard-fought field; that, the war over, our soldiers disbanded, immediately applied themselves to the development of our vast industrial resources, so that we have already been enabled to reduce our debt thus created to a mere moiety, while we have increased our enterprise, multiplied our resources of all descriptions, not only spanned the continent by rail, but have built and are building railroads which are opening up every section of our country, and we are increasing the stability of national and individual credit both at home and abroad. What but the fullest confidence in our honesty, ability, and integrity would have induced the Bank of Frankfort to loan her millions on the deposit of American securities, as she has recently done?

There is no disputing the fact which we have before stated, that American credit and American stability are universally conceded to stand higher than those of any other country at this time; and we predict that our American securities will continue to command good prices for investment in Europe, notwithstanding the war now about being waged.

MONEY MARKET.

IN spite of all the war excitements, the talk of sending back our bonds from Europe, and the heavy shipments of gold, there has been a really steady market for our leading stocks, and money has been in abundant supply on call loans at 5 to 6 per cent. The war in Europe, whether it be great or small, prolonged or brief, cannot, in a commercial view, be otherwise than beneficial to this country; and the stock ought to have improved under the first effects of the news, and would have done so but for the "rigging" of the markets which took place by the foreign financial adventurers in Wall Street. We have an abundance of gold and of wheat to spare, and all Europe will be in pressing need of our surplus. Whether she send us our own bonds or the goods we require in return is of little consequence. In either case we shall be the gainers, and we shall be in the way of diminishing instead of increasing our indebtedness. The result must prove beneficial to our commercial interest. In the case of a general war, the nation that can keep out of it must be the gainer. And we are that nation. Prices should have advanced, not only of our leading stocks, but of our Government bonds; and the reason why they have not done so is very ably explained in the following article:

"In plain terms, the only European capital in this market is simply 'credit.' The only foreign cash here is represented by pens, ink, paper, and a signature that will sell and command 'American cash'. The specie shipments of the last fortnight, $8,811,619, have been paid for by 'American cash,' obtained by foreigners from Americans in exchange for their sixty-day bills on Europe. Our money market has been disturbed and made active by the demand for money from foreign banking firms to sustain themselves and friends in Europe in this war crisis. The scrifdom to Europe of the New York money market enables these foreigners to take 'American cash' whenever they want it, to send to Europe in exchange for the sixty-day bills which the United States are so ready and so obliging as to take. If these foreign firms could have sold for 'American cash' more of their sixty-day bills during the last fortnight, they would have shipped more of the gold they hold on speculation. They did not ship more specie because they had no more money to pay for it. They are waiting to raise more money by the sale of their sixty-day bills. The Government bonds in Europe which have been sold at low prices were not those held by investors, but by these foreign banking firms, who had shipped them to Europe for a market on speculation. When the war commenced, they and their friends were forced or deemed it prudent to sell and realize, trusting to buy them back at lower prices hereafter. Hence the effort that these foreign bankers, chiefly German, are making to run up the price of gold here, and run down the price of Government bonds and our national credit both here and in Europe."

The price of gold has been very steady in the neighborhood of 121, at which it opened this week, and all the attempts to force it up have proved abortive.

The heat has driven a good many of the active "bulls" and "bears" away from Wall Street and the Stock Exchange, and prices of the leading stocks have been heavy. But there have been no panics; and, unless a stringent money market should prevail in August, it is almost certain that there will be a more active market and higher prices.

It is a very healthy sign that, while heavy failures are reported on the other side—in London, Liverpool, Hamburg, and Berlin—there has been but one here, which was arranged in the course of a few hours, and the suspended house went on again.

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WE are pleased to inform the public that this road is *completed* and running with the most flattering prospects for success. This is one of the important enterprises to develop the great West, and gives indications of large and lucrative business at once, thus establishing full confidence in its ability to meet all liabilities incurred in its construction.

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HENRY CLEWS & CO.,
No. 32 Wall St., New York.

DRY GOODS.

THE unchanged situation of the French and Prussian war leaves the market for dry goods in an unchanged situation also; except that the season, being a week later, gives a more positive determination to the character of the fall season. And thus far the indications are favorable to a busy season and better prices, both in domestic and in foreign goods. But the extraordinary heat of July up to the present time has been unfavorable to business of all kinds; and, notwithstanding the presence in the city of a large number of buyers from the South and the West, the intense heat has caused an almost entire suspension of business, except in cases where there could be no delay. Not only customers, but salesmen, have been driven out of town to the sea-side, the forest, and the mountains, for cooling shades and fresh breezes. If the heated term continues into August with the intensity which has prevailed in July, it is difficult to foresee what the effect will be upon business generally.

Early in the week, and up to Saturday, a very fair amount of business had been done in domestic cottons and woolens; but on the last day of the week the transactions were very small. The first decisive news from Europe in respect to the war, whether it indicates a speedy end or long-continued contest, will have the effect of affording some basis of opinion on which future operations may be founded. The price of gold remains nearly stationary in the neighborhood of 121, and cotton has a falling tendency. The Boston market for domestics is said not to be "affected to any great extent by a war on the other side of the Atlantic; and then only indirectly, and in sympathy with corresponding products of foreign manufacture. The market for cotton goods of nearly all styles is rather weak and unsettled. The demand is too insignificant for reliable quotations; and these will, perhaps, be ultimately adjusted to a slightly lower range. But the fall trade is not likely to set in very early, with the raw material continually settling down. Agents, in some cases, are offering liberal concessions to buyers; but without much effect in the way of stimulating trade. The latter are very confident prices will be no higher; and are not inclined to take and pay for stocks which will have to be carried, at a charge to their interest account, until wanted for actual distribution. Jobbers are picking up a few cheap lots adapted to their future wants; but there is no anxiety or speculative feeling. Standard brown sheetings are quiet and unchanged at 13½ a 14 cts. Fine brown goods are dull, with prices unsettled and largely nominal.

In brown sheetings and shirtings there is not much change to report. The transactions of the week have been to a fair extent for the time of year, and prices have been well maintained for standards, the finer qualities being marked down about half a cent. a yard

In bleached shirtings and sheetings the demand is good and prices steady. No change of moment to be reported.

Cotton osnaburgs are in rather better demand, but without special activity. Lewiston osnaburgs are quoted by agents at 18 cts.; Flint River 8 oz. do., 20 cts.; Santee, do. 14 cts.; Franklin, 14 cts.; Falmouth, 16 cts.

Corset jeans are not in good demand, and prices are a shade lower. Indian Orchard improved are quoted at 11½ cts. for colored and bleached; Amoskeag, 12 cts.; Laconia, 12½ cts.; Naumkeag satteens, 10½ cts.; Bates jeans, 10½ cts.; Newmarket, 10½ cts.; Hamilton, 10½ cts.; Pepperell do., 15 cts.; Hallowell jeans, 12½ cts.

Rolled jaconets are in moderately fair demand for the season. Slater's and Masonville, each 10 for plain and 11 for high colors; Manville 10 for plain and 11 for high colors; White Rock 9 regular for plain and 10 for high colors.

Silesias are wanted at this season mostly by the clothing trade. The jobbers are not buying. Lonsdale are quoted by agents at 14 cents, regular; Indian Orchard, 14 cents; Ward Mills, 14½ cents; Social K, 20 cents; do. Imperial, 25 cents; Blackburn's assorted and black, 15 cents; Davol Mills, 25 cents, regular.

Apron checks and other descriptions of blue cotton fabrics are in small demand at this time. James Long's gold medal checks are quoted at 27½ cents for No. 1, 26½ cents for No. 0, 25 cents for No. 2, 20 cents for No. 40, 18 cents for No. 35, 16½ cents for No. 14, and 15 cents for No. 10. Caledonia Mills (Campbell & Elliott) do. 19 cents for No. 8, 21 cents for No. 9, 24 cents for No. 10, 25 cents for No. 50, 26 cents for No. 70, 27½ cents for No. 80, and 30 cents —fifty-four in number—had liabilities, to be protected by a 25 per cent. reserve, to the amount of $223,153,254, requiring $55,788,313 as their reserve; while holding a reserve of $72,404,492, or a fraction of more than 32 per cent. on their liabilities, which is 7 per cent. in excess of what the law demands. This reserve consisted in $18,735,391 in specie, $36,314,191 in legal-tenders, $17,540,000 in clearing-house certificates, and $9,765,000 in 3 per cent. certificates.

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